Roy from
Grandpa &
Grandma
1948

THE ENGLISH HELD THE CITY OF TROYES

Fifty Famous Stories

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AN ARROW PIERCED HIS HEART

Fifty Famous Stories

Pandora's Box

THIS is the story of how Trouble came into the world. After the coming of Trouble came Hope.

In a wonderful land where children never quarreled, sulked or had crying fits, where clothes were never torn and where there were plenty of nice things all the time there lived a boy whose name was Epimetheus.

This was a land of children so, of course, there were no mothers, fathers, aunts nor uncles. But because there were no troubles there was no need of any of them. At least, the children never missed them.

Epimetheus had no playfellow, so they brought Pandora to him from a far off land to play with.

Pandora proved a delightful companion and the two children were hardly ever apart. They never

tired of each other's companionship, they found new games daily. It was a very happy life.

If there was one fault with this wonderful land it was that there was no work for the children to do. If there had been, perhaps what happened never would have happened. Then again, who can tell? Perhaps it was bound to happen.

There was a wonderful box in the cottage where Epimetheus and Pandora lived. From that first day Pandora came, she had been extremely curious as to what was inside it.

With the days her curiosity grew until finally not able to contain herself longer, she asked her playmate about it.

"Oh, that," replied Epimetheus. "It was left here by a jolly fellow who asked me to keep it for him. Come on, Pandora, let us get out for some figs and dates. I know a new game."

So off they went. But it was but a little while before the thought of the box came back to the girl. What could be in it?

Truly, it was a wonderful box, the wood was so fine and so highly polished that it served as a mirror. It was finely carved too. Nor was it locked, but it was held together by a most intricate knot of golden cord. The very knot seemed to spell mystery.

Again she questioned Epimetheus about it.

"Silly box! Silly you, to worry about it. Forget the old thing. I'm tired of hearing about it. It's much more fun to play."

For once Epimetheus was vexed.

"Well, I'd like to know what's inside of it," replied Pandora. "I'm sick of just playing. Come on," she added daringly, "let's see what's inside it."

The boy was shocked. "Why that wouldn't be right," he replied with a show of great virtue. "It was left in my trust and I couldn't betray that."

"Well, at least you can tell me how it was brought here," retorted Pandora.

"But I told you that. It was brought one day by a very queer fellow. He looked very mischievous and he had such a merry twinkle in his eye. He had a very funny feather in his cap and his face was the long kind. He himself was quite thin and long."

"Oh, that's Quicksilver!" replied Pandora delightedly. "He was the messenger, the very same one that brought me here. I know him. I'm sure he brought that box for me. There must be pretty clothes inside or perhaps there are toys in it. Come on, Epimetheus, let's open it."

"I certainly will not," replied the latter. "It wouldn't be right."

So vexed was he that he ran out to play without

his playmate. But Pandora did not care. In fact, she thought him stupid and unimaginative. For the very first time the children found no interest in each other.

You may well suppose what Pandora thought about when she was left all alone. The knotted golden cord fascinated her.

"I wonder if I could untie it. It looks very difficult."

She sat there and watched the box and the cord and the wonderful carved figures upon the box. Gradually, she felt herself drawn to it. Then it seemed as if she heard a voice from within it calling to her to open the top.

"Let us out, let us out," it said. "You know you want to see us."

Pandora started. Was it really a voice she heard?

"I had better go out and join Epimetheus," she thought. "I shouldn't stay here."

But she stayed on. She could not overcome her curiosity.

Then her fingers began to play with the knot. She found it very hard to discover how it untied. Her fingers played on even though some voice within her urged her to run away from temptation, to join the other children at their play.

What then about Epimetheus? At first he had thoroughly enjoyed his games with the other children. He had not missed Pandora. Soon enough however, despite all the children playing about, he felt lonesome. He tried to overcome this feeling, instead he left them to return home.

Now a black cloud came up in the eastern sky. It grew blacker and blacker until it promised to cover the sun. Filled with a strange misgiving, he hastened his steps.

He knocked at the door but there was no answer. He knocked louder, then receiving no answer he opened the door wide.

No wonder Pandora did not hear him. She had untied the knot and was just in the act of lifting the top of the box.

I am sure that Epimetheus could even then have shouted to her, he could have kept her from doing the thing she did. But, the story goes on to say, despite the fact that he could have stopped her he did not

For Epimetheus, even though he professed being shocked at his playmate's curiosity, was just as curious himself. He also had a great desire to know what was inside the box.

He had a rather mean thought now. The very thought of it proved him as much to blame as Pandora. It came to him that if Pandora opened the

box he could find out what was inside it and the fault would still be all hers.

Up popped the top of the box. Alas, there were no toys inside it, no fine clothes for Pandora. The nastiest, meanest flies and bugs flew out. They looked so mean, so horrible. Some of them had long stings as tails, others had bats' wings.

The room had darkened completely. For the dark cloud had covered the sun by now and all outside as well as inside was almost pitch black.

As the children, horror stricken, saw the ugly little insects flying about, Epimetheus rushed to the door and threw it wide open. Pandora closed the box with a great slam.

But now, one of the stinging insects flew right on Epimetheus' nose and stung him so sharply that he let out a great yell. You see pain was a new thing in this land and he could not make it out. Another would have stung Pandora for it had alighted right in the middle of her forehead had not Epimetheus rushed to her aid.

By this time almost all of the fearful creatures had flown out of the door and were everywhere. The room was left to the two children.

The girl was crying bitterly her head resting on the box. The boy had his back turned to her, he was sulking and very angry. Of course, he had decided, the blame was all due to Pandora.

As they sat thus, very miserable, for no longer was misery, sulking, pain, and all the other evils among things unknown, another voice was heard from inside the box.

"Please let me out. Please. You will want me now. I want to help you."

Such a pleasant, joyful voice it was, one could hardly resist it. Yet Pandora, with a caution that would have served well but a little earlier, replied.

"I certainly will not. There are enough of your friends already out." She was very firm now and as she spoke she turned around to Epimetheus for his approval.

But he was still sulking. He acted as if he did not hear her.

"Please, please do. I do not belong with the others, really I do not. All those others are Troubles and you will need me around now that you have let them out."

I wish I could describe the appeal of her voice. I do not see how anyone could have resisted it.

"Shall I?" said Pandora. "She sounds so wonderfully nice."

"Do," replied Epimetheus. "And I will help you lift up the top of the box." Up he sprang to help his playmate.

Now as the cover was raised out sprang Hope.

Such a joyful, happy creature. The room seemed filled with a great radiance.

"Do not worry, dear children. Although you have unloosed all the Troubles, I shall be about to always comfort you."

Pandora and Epimetheus were almost happy. It was such a comfort to have Hope about.

"Dear Hope," said the girl trustfully, "Stay with us always. Will you?"

"I shall always be about, my dears. Whenever you need me, you will find me."

So this is how the Troubles of the world were unloosed. But, after all, they are quite bearable, as long as Hope is about to comfort us.

King Midas and the Golden Touch

KING MIDAS was a king in ancient times. He was a good and kind man and he ruled wisely and well.

If Midas had one fault it was his love for gold. There was only one thing of which he was fonder and this was his little daughter. She was his dearest possession.

The more Midas thought of gold, the more foolish he grew over it. He kept wishing that he could obtain it more easily, he kept wishing that certain things would be gold instead of the very useful things they probably were.

Now his daughter was a sweet, dear little girl. Midas prized her highly. But he often would chide her because she did not care for gold. He thought it ridiculous that she would prefer the flowers in the garden.

"Look at those lovely roses," she would say to him.

"How silly, dear child. Just think how much nicer they would be if they were gold.

One day while he was in his dungeon enjoying himself in the way he loved best there appeared

before him a splendid youth. His smile was almost golden.

"Perhaps," Midas thought, "he has come to help me gather more gold."

And truly it seemed as if Midas was correct in his thought, for the first thing the stranger asked him was—"Are you happy, Midas?"

"Quite," replied King Midas. "But I could be more so if gold were easier to obtain."

"Well," said the stranger, "I can grant you one favor. Have you a wish?"

Midas thought and thought. It would not do for him to ask for any certain quantity of gold for there would always be some left which he could not obtain. Then too, perhaps he did not want to appear too greedy.

Suddenly he thought of a wonderful wish.

"I should like," he said, "if it is at all possible, to have everything I touch turn into gold."

"Quite a wish," said the stranger, "But it is not hard. Tomorrow at sunrise your wish shall take effect."

With that the stranger disappeared. King Midas was overjoyed. There was no doubt but that the morning would find his wish come true.

He went to bed that night at the earliest possible moment so that he would lose nothing of the morning by sleeping. Long before sunrise he was up.

What was his disappointment when he saw that the things he touched did not change.

But as the sun rose, he beheld with sudden, overwhelming delight, that the coverlid which was in his hands was turning into gold. Quickly he set about touching things everywhere to find them all turn to yellow metal.

King Midas took out a small handkerchief which his daughter had embroidered for him. He prized it because it was her handiwork. Lo, it also turned to gold.

He was not pleased with that for he would have preferred it to remain as his daughter had made it. But the displeasure was but for a moment.

He hastened to the garden for a sudden idea had come to him. He was sure it would please his daughter. He set about touching all the flowers and saw them all turn to gold. "How lovely," he thought.

Then he returned to the castle to eat his breakfast which was now ready. It was quite a delicious breakfast. There was toast and fruit and trout and coffee.

King Midas was about to begin when he heard his daughter coming. She was crying bitterly.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked as she entered.

"My beautiful flowers," she sobbed. "They are all gone and in their place I found these ugly horrid things."

Midas could not understand how his little girl could prefer the old flowers to these. But because it hurt her so, he was ashamed to say that he had changed them. So a little dejectedly, he turned to his breakfast.

You may well guess what followed. The coffee he touched turned molten in his mouth, the toast, solid gold, the trout, became fine delicate work in gold.

Poor man, he did not know what to do. His daughter, still immersed in her sorrow over the flowers that were gone, did not notice his difficulty.

"I'll swallow some food quickly," he thought. So he attempted it, hoping he could do it, before it would have time to change. He tried a potato.

What a howl went up. The red hot gold which had been a potato burned his mouth.

His daughter ran to him. "Dear father, what is the trouble?" she asked.

Poor King Midas. When his daughter ran to him he took her in his arms. Then the most horrible of all things happened. The little girl also turned to gold.

Then and there King Midas' love for gold turned to hatred. But he was too heartbroken to think of that. She who was most dear to him was now but a statue of gold.

I will not dwell on his misery. You must remem-

ber he really was a fine man whose head had been turned foolishly. Not only did he have his thoughts, bitter ones too, but he could not eat or drink a thing.

Things might have gone very badly with him. But late that afternoon the same youth who had come to him in the dungeon appeared again.

"Well, are you happy?" he asked.

"Happy?" Midas replied. And then he poured out his remorse, his plea.

"A drink of water or the Golden Touch. Which do you prefer?" the young man asked.

"Water," Midas replied most humbly.

"A piece of bread or the Golden Touch?"

"Bread."

"The Golden Touch or your daughter?"

"Oh, my daughter. A thousand fold!"

"Very well then," said the young man. "Go you to the river. Fill a jug full of water and return. Sprinkle all things you want turned back to what they were. If you are sincere they will return to what they were."

You can imagine how swiftly King Midas did this. But do you know what he sprinkled first? Oh, no! It was the beautiful flowers, so that when she who was dearest to him became a little girl again, she could see her beloved roses as they were.

The Gorgon's Head

IN those days when wonderful things happened, when there were so many supernatural beings and so many kinds of them upon the earth, three Gorgons lived on an island in the far, strange seas.

They were strange beings, indeed. Imagine huge beetles only a million times larger, with live snakes that served instead of hair. Bodies that were covered with scales which were harder than the hardest metal, bands of brass and long tusks for teeth.

These strange creatures were sisters and something about them seemed to show them to be women although they looked like gigantic flies.

You can well imagine how horrible they must have seemed. But there was another reason why the people of those days could not rush to safety fast enough, when the alarm was given that the Gorgons could be seen in the distant sky. For should anyone ever gaze fully into the face of any of these Gorgons he would then and there become stone. Many people were caught by them and were devoured; many more were turned to stone.

No matter what the strength of one might be,

no matter how fine the steel of his weapon, it was impossible to kill these creatures. For nothing could penetrate the scales of their bodies, should anyone escape the deadly gaze and come near enough.

Yet one of these Gorgons had one part of her body which was open to attack, her name was Medusa. If one had matchless strength and could use it, he could cut off her head. At that one point only was she vulnerable.

Yet impossible as the task might be, Perseus, a youth, accomplished it. This is the story.

Perseus, while still a babe, was set adrift in a chest with his mother. It is not known why this was done or by whom it was done. But if the hope was that they would be drowned in this way, it was vain for the next day the chest was washed ashore and the two were saved by a kindly fisherman.

Now this fisherman was the brother of King Polydectes who ruled the island. But just as good as the fisherman was, the king was exactly his opposite. He watched the boy grow to manhood and plotted against him and his mother.

When he was twenty-one, the king called him.

"Perseus, you are now a man. You must indeed be grateful to me and to my brother for what we have done for you and your mother."

"That I am," replied the youth warmly. "I wish I had the chance to prove it."

"Well spoken, indeed," replied the king craftily. "If you so wish your opportunity is here."

"If I but can," Perseus made answer, "you have but to command me."

"Good then. You must know that I am to marry the beautiful Princess Hippodamia. It is the custom to present as a bridal gift some unusual curiosity and I would not wish to be outdone by anyone. So then I would bring her the Medusa's head."

Perseus thought not of the immense undertaking. "I will try to bring you the head," he replied.

"You are indeed a brave lad," the king remarked as he dismissed the young man. But Perseus had hardly stepped outside the door before the wicked king burst into laughter

"An easy task he has taken upon himself." He laughed the harder, the more he thought about it.

As Perseus passed the people in the market place, they mocked at him for they had learned of the difficult, almost impossible undertaking. It was a great joke to them that anyone should even try to overcome a Gorgon.

After all, one could hardly blame them. Except that instead of jeering at him, they should have been sorry for him. As Perseus thought about it he began to realize how hopeless the task was. He decided he would say nothing of it to his mother for she would be heartbroken.

The more he thought about it the less he knew

where and how to proceed. So sitting disconsolately and greatly worried, he suddenly realized that someone was at his elbow speaking quite cheerfully to him.

"Why are you so sad?" the stranger asked.

Doubly surprised that the stranger should know him by name and that he should have approached him without being observed, Perseus looked at him somewhat more closely.

It was a mischievous figure he saw, yet a kindly one. A pleasant face, withal a very shrewd one. Over his shoulders he carried a cloak, there was an oddly twisted staff in his hand and he wore a queer sort of cap quite rakishly on his head.

Looking at him, Perseus' own spirits grew lighter. After a moment's thought he decided he would take the stranger into his confidence. So he told him of the task he had taken on himself.

"Do not be too greatly disheartened," replied the stranger who then told him that he was no other than Quicksilver. With my sister's and my own aid, it may not be impossible."

"Your sister's?" "Who is she?"

"A very wise person," Quicksilver made answer. "She is so grave and prudent, she hardly ever smiles, but she is wise. Many people call her wisdom personified. She and I have not much in common but between us we can go far. Soon, she will

appear."

"First of all, you must polish your shield so that it will be like a very mirror," Quicksilver advised.

He polished it so well that it sparkled.

"Good," said Quicksilver. "Now we must seek the Three Gray Women who will guide us to where the Nymphs live."

More and more Perseus was tempted to question the wisdom of doing these things which did not seem to lead him anywhere. But after all, he could do no worse than follow Quicksilver.

Now Quicksilver handed him his crooked, short sword. "This will serve you better than any sword to cut off the Gorgon's head. It will go through anything at all, even the scales of the Gorgon. And this staff will help you to keep pace with me on the journey to the Three Gray Women."

If Perseus had not had this staff he could never have kept up with the quick going guide. As they went on their way, the latter explained how difficult it was to find the Three Gray Women.

"But why must we find them?" asked the youth.

"They are the only ones who can tell us where to find the Nymphs. It would be useless for you to attack Medusa unless you have the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers and the helmet of invisibility. All these are possessed by the Nymphs."

On they went. Quicksilver explained that the

Three Gray Women had but one eye to serve them all and how they each used it for a little while.

"But this eye is as keen as the six eyes they should have had. We will never be able to come up to them unless we come upon them as they pass the eye to each other."

Luck was with them however for after many days journey they saw the Gray Women approaching. Quickly hiding behind some dense bushes they waited for the exchange to be made.

"Now," Quicksilver suddenly whispered. "Rush out and snatch it before one of the others gets it." For Scarecrow was offering the eye to Nightmare who was groping for it.

I need not relate here how Perseus by withholding the eye, yet always speaking kindly and courteously, finally obtained the location of the Nymphs. At first the Gray Women had pleaded ignorance but found that it was useless. Perseus was inclined to believe them but Quicksilver besought him to insist.

On they journeyed until they came to the Nymphs. These gladly gave the magic wallet, the flying slippers and the helmet of invisibility to the handsome young stranger, when Quicksilver requested them. For they seemed to be his good friends.

Now as they flew the young man thought he heard the rustling of a woman's skirt beside him.

He saw no one. In perplexity he turned and said,

"Is there anyone else traveling with us?"

"Yes, my sister," Quicksilver replied. "You will need her advice. She can see ever so much further than can we. She will discover the place of the Gorgons long before we do."

And in fact it was so. For soon, Perseus heard a low, melodious, yet firm voice say,

"Look straight below. There sleep the Gorgons. Fly quickly down but be sure to look into the mirror of your shield to see them. Else you chance being turned to stone."

"How am I to know which is Medusa?" he asked.

Just then the Gorgon in the center seemed to be stirred by some dream. The snakes on her head hissed and shot their wicked tongues out but could not perceive the peril that was there because of the invisibility of the approaching party.

Perseus did as he was told. He did not dare look at the sleeping Gorgons for fear that one of them would awaken. But he found that he could observe them well through the mirrorlike surface.

So he killed the Medusa. He found no trouble in placing the giant head inside the magic wallet. Then he journeyed back to the island, back to his mother and to the king for whom he had gone forth on this impossible adventure. Quicksilver and his

sister went part way with him and then departed after receiving his grateful and heartfelt thanks.

When Perseus returned home he found that the king had imprisoned his mother after informing her that he had sent her son to sure death. With great rage in his heart Perseus presented himself before the king who was astounded to see him again. But thinking to make the best of it he praised the youth for being successful. He had doubts, however.

"If what you claim is not so," he said, "you will be greatly punished. I shall call the populace to behold the head of the Gorgon. But I shall throw you to their mercies if you have lied."

The crowd jeered at Perseus and would not believe him. He tried to avoid showing the head for he knew what would happen. But no one else thought of that.

Stung, finally, to action he opened the magic wallet. There was the hideous face of the Medusa.

As the king and the populace beheld the head they turned, all of them, to deathlike stone.

It is needless to add that Perseus freed his mother and lived happily thereafter.

The Story of Joseph

JOSEPH was one of twelve sons. His father was Jacob who was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham. Abraham was one of the first men to believe in God and all Hebrews are descended from him.

Joseph was the favorite of his father. His brothers resented their father's special devotion to him. When Jacob gave Joseph a coat of many colors they envied him. Envy grew to hatred and hatred to the desire to do him injury.

Their hatred was unleashed as they tended the sheep on the plains of Dothan one certain morning. Joseph had been kept behind by his father. But when early noon came he sent him forth to bring food to his brothers.

The boy, gentle and unspoiled, had no thought of his brothers' rage against him. Yet murder was in the heart of some of them and these had swayed the others. All but Reuben and Judah, whose hatred was not so strong and who also feared the anger of their father.

They set upon the boy when he came among them. They threw him into a deep pit and then discussed what they should do to him.

"Here is the thing to do," said Judah. He pointed to a band of approaching Ishmaelites. "Let us sell him to them. We can obtain silver for him and still be well rid of him." He thought that if he could appeal to their cupidity he might be able to save his brother's life.

The brothers agreed. Here was the one solution. Blinded though they were by their evil passions, yet had they hesitated at murder. But now they could be rid of him and still not have his blood upon their hands.

So they bargained with the Ishmaelites and sold him to them for twenty pieces of silver. Then they killed a goat and bathed Joseph's coat in its blood. They brought it home and swore to Jacob that their brother, the beloved Joseph, had been killed by the wild animals.

Jacob's grief was deep, so deep, that the brothers almost repented their deed. Joseph, on the other hand, was carried by the Ishmaelites to the far land of Egypt. There they sold him to Potiphar, captain of Pharaoh's guards. Potiphar was pleased with the willing boy and made him an overseer.

Soon, however, spiteful tongues in Potiphar's household lied against the youth. Potiphar believed the slander and cast him into prison.

But even in prison Joseph made friends. His hopeful, buoyant nature did not permit him to become discouraged. He spent his spare time in

dreams yet he worked at his tasks cheerfully and gladly. Soon he became a trusty.

About this time Pharaoh's chief baker and butler had come under the displeasure of the king and they were cast into the same prison. Joseph was placed over them. He did not lord it over these men, instead, he was both patient and kind to the miserable prisoners.

One night both the butler and the baker had dreams. The next morning as Joseph passed the butler he saw that the latter was in a brown study.

"You seem worried," said Joseph kindly. "Perhaps I can help you."

After some urging the butler told of the dream he had had.

"A dream came to me as I slept last night. There came a vine before me. On the vine were three branches. They budded and then blossomed even as I watched them. On the clusters came rich, ripe grapes. Then I found Pharaoh's cup within my hands and so I pressed the grapes into the cup and then gave the cup to my king."

To Joseph, even as the man spoke, there came the clear meaning of the dream.

"Listen then, my friend. This is the meaning of your dream. Hark you well. The three branches are three days. Within three days shall Pharaoh

lift you up to the place you once held. Then shall you again deliver Pharaoh's cup to him as you once did, in other words, you shall once more serve him. But I beseech you, when you again hold your place of honor, think kindly of me, remember me."

Then as the man listened he told his own story, of how his brothers had dealt with him, of how he had been taken from the land of Canaan.

When the baker heard of Joseph's interpretation of the butler's dream he called to him to also explain his dream.

"I had three white baskets," he said. "They were upon my head. In the topmost basket was wonderful cake and pastry for Pharaoh, but the birds ate these."

"The three baskets," replied Joseph, "are three days. Within three days Pharaoh will lift your head high. But it shall hang from a tree and the birds shall feed upon it."

Even as Joseph explained the meaning of the dreams, so did they come true. The baker was hanging from the high treetop, the butler was again in high favor. But no thought did the latter have for Joseph, he was no longer in his mind.

Years passed on. Nothing might ever have happened to Joseph if the king did not also have a strange dream.

This was his dream. He found himself stand-

ing by a river. He saw seven fat, sleek, fine looking cows arise therefrom and feed from the meadows nearby. Then he saw seven other cows rise from the bottom of the river. These last were illfavored, lean and badly nourished. Then he saw the illfavored ones devour the seven fat cows.

After this Pharaoh had awakened for a moment. Then another dream came to him. There were seven ears of corn and these came up on one stalk. Succulent and good were these ears of corn. Then seven other ears of corn came up after them. Meagre were these, they had been nourished by the east wind. The thin ears devoured the good ears.

In vain did the wise men attempt to interpret the dream. Pharaoh was greatly troubled and sought the meaning of his dreams but without success.

There came to the butler who had been helped by Joseph the recollection of the latter. So he went to the king and told him of this prisoner who perhaps could help the mighty Pharaoh.

The king ordered the youth, now grown to manhood, before him.

Joseph listened and found it in him to interpret the king's dream.

"There are to be seven good years," said Joseph. "They will be followed by seven years of plague and famine. Prepare you, Pharaoh, for it."

Then and there Joseph's fortune turned. He grew high in favor with the mighty king. He became second only to Pharaoh in influence and power.

Great preparations, he made against the approaching famine and plague and so saved Egypt. The king was highly grateful to him and could not do enough for him. Joseph married and lived happily.

But thoughts stayed with him of his father Jacob. He even had kindly thoughts of his brothers. He wished often for word of his father. Then it seemed that his wish was to bear fruit.

Starvation was everywhere, in the land of Canaan, as much as elsewhere. Jacob heard that food could be obtained in Egypt and so sent the eleven brothers to seek it there. He kept with him Benjamin the youngest who had replaced Joseph in his affections.

So these men in due time appeared before Joseph seeking corn for the household of Jacob. Though Joseph knew them at once they did not recognize him. He was greatly moved but he kept his identity hidden. He asked questions of them about Jacob, and heard too of Benjamin.

He pretended to believe that they were spies. Then he sent them home and told them to bring Benjamin to him as proof that there was a youngest son. He held Simeon as hostage for their re-

turn. But he furnished them with a fair supply of corn.

Dejected and disheartened the brothers returned to Canaan. But when Jacob heard that the lord in Egypt desired that Benjamin should be brought back to him, he was firm in his refusal.

But Reuben urged him to send Benjamin. He assured his father that he would be surety for the boy's return. Not until the corn gave out would Jacob listen.

The brothers appeared with Benjamin. With hidden feelings Joseph questioned the youngest. The picture of his father, of his old home grew more vivid to him.

Much to their surprise, for they were uncertain as to what to expect, he let them go forth with all the corn they wished. But they did not know that the steward of Joseph had hidden inside the corn the money they had paid for it and also a silver cup that belonged to Joseph.

Now as they went forth, much relieved to have the needed food, there followed after them the steward. Some miles out he stopped them and accused them of thievery. Reuben, highly wroth, made answer.

"We are no thieves. If there is any among us who has this silver cup let him die."

"So shall it be." So he searched them all.

Imagine the heartrending sorrow of the brothers when the cup was found in Benjamin's bag.

They returned to Joseph's castle. He pretended a great wrath against them while they protested their innocence.

It was Judah who made a heart stirring plea to the lord of Egypt. He appealed for the sake of the old man who was his father and who loved the boy Benjamin. He spoke of the long lost Joseph. Then with great simplicity he offered his own life in exchange for the boy's.

No longer could Joseph contain himself. He told them who he was and forgave them all.

Home they went with many gifts. Joseph besought them to bring his father to him, tell him that Joseph his son lived.

Jacob traveled to Egypt, he and his sons and his grandsons and all his household. On the way he offered a sacrifice to God. God came to him then. He told him not to fear to go to the strange land and promised him that He would make a great nation of the sons of Abraham.

Joseph lived to the age of one hundred and ten. He grew in wisdom and power. For many years thereafter his descendants made Egypt their home.

The Wooden Horse of Troy

THE tale of how Troy fell will live down the ages. So too, how the Greeks set forth to destroy it to avenge the capture of Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, by Paris, son of Priam who was king of Troy.

In the tenth year, the Greeks who had failed to capture the city by force evolved a cunning scheme to overcome the Trojans. A great number set sail as if weary of the siege. But they did not go far for when out of sight of the city they made for land again and built a huge wooden horse. They built a door for the inside which none who did not know could tell was there.

They brought this horse back to camp. Into it climbed Menelaus, Ulysses and other leaders of the Greeks.

The next day all the ships which were spread before the great harbor of Troy raised sails and slipped away. Too, the Greek camps seemed deserted.

The news swept as wildfire among the Trojans. It seemed too good to believe. Had the Greeks despaired of their task and departed?

So it seemed. The joy in Troy was beyond belief. Timidly, a number ventured forth to ascer-

tain if it were a reality. Truly, all the Grecian tents were gone, the enemy was nowhere to be seen.

The gates were opened wide, the city celebrated. A great number rushed to where the Greeks had encamped, some from curiosity, some for spoils.

When they reached the empty camp they found the Wooden Horse left behind. They marveled at it; no one among them knew what it could portend. A number began to plan to move it into the city as one of the prizes.

It was then that a wise priest raised his voice in warning.

"Beware of the Greeks. Beware of their craft."

Some there were who wished to heed him. But at that moment two serpents appeared from the sea and swiftly approached them. The Trojans rushed madly to escape. But the serpents were swifter by far. Through the panic stricken crowd they made their way until they came up to the priest and his two sons. Quickly they devoured the three men, then returned to the sea.

The Trojans took it as an omen. The serpents had destroyed the three men because the priest had dared to speak against the horse which was favored by the gods.

At this particular moment a Greek spy was brought among them. He claimed that he was the

last of the fleeing Greeks. He was told to inform them what the Wooden Horse was for.

The Greeks, he said, had built the horse as an offering to the goddess Athene. They had built it so large that the Trojans could only move it with difficulty and would be tempted to destroy it. It was destined to bring success to the owners of it, hence the hope of the Greeks that it would be destroyed.

The jubilant Trojans questioned no further but joyfully pushed the huge trophy into the city.

That night there was great celebration in the city. The Greek spy under cover of the festivities opened the secret door. From the horse came Menelaus, Ulysses and the other Greeks. While the city feasted they opened the gates of Troy.

The ships and the army came back that night. Silently the Greeks approached the city. Quickly they entered it and fell upon the amazed inhabitants.

Troy was wiped from the earth. So, through cunning and craft the Greeks succeeded where force was not sufficient.

The beautiful Helen returned to Menelaus who forgave her. Ulysses after many years of travel returned home. Greece lived on in splendor but no one ever saw again the great and magnificent city of Hector and Paris.

David and Goliath

ALMOST a thousand years before Christ was born, David lived with his father near the city of Bethlehem. Jesse had eight handsome sons, David being the youngest. All of David's brothers were grown men and knew how to draw a bow and throw a spear like trained soldiers. But David was too young to hunt and fight, so he was given charge of his father's sheep which he watched on the hillside.

The shepherd boy was a beautiful child. He had fair, curly hair, and was so strong, and brave, and cheerful that everyone who saw him loved him. Night and day he lived out on the hills taking care of his father's sheep.

All was quiet and peaceful until news of war came to the city of Bethlehem. A race of fierce and terrible warriors, the Philistines, were marching across the borders of their land to attack the Hebrews. Saul, who was king of the Hebrews, had disobeyed the will of God. His people no longer trusted him. He sulked his time away in his palace, while his people trembled with fear and horror.

But David, far up on the lonely hillsides, knew nothing of the far-away battles. His thoughts

were always great and good, for he saw nothing that was not noble and uplifting. His companions were the mountains, the sky, and the stars. He sang songs about the twinkling stars, the rain, the wind. He also played beautiful tunes on his harp.

Yet at times, David had need to be afraid. Lions and bears lived in the caves on the mountains and sometimes they would venture forth and try to steal the grazing sheep.

One night after the stars peeped out and all about seemed peacefully quiet in the moonlight, David laid aside his harp to rest. Then a dark animal crept out of the woods nearby. It came nearer and nearer. Suddenly it stopped. With a great cry, it rolled over—dead.

David had noticed the huge bear creeping out of the shadows. He knew it had come to steal a lamb. So quickly he put a sharp stone into a sling and let it fly at the bear's head. His quick mind and sturdy courage had saved the lambs.

Another time a lion stole forth, siezed a baby lamb in his mouth and started to run away with it. What could a boy do against a savage lion? But David was not afraid. He knew that God was watching him. He let one of his sharp stones fly at the lion's head. It struck the beast so that he fell to the ground.

Finally, there came to the town of Bethlehem an old man, white-haired and wise. It was Samuel, the prophet. He brought with him a white heifer. He had come, he told the townspeople to sacrifice the heifer. But in reality, God had sent him there to seek a king for Israel. Saul had disobeyed the will of God, the enemy was camped on the borders of the land, and the helpless people needed a leader.

Samuel had said to Saul, "God will give your people a better king," and so set forth to seek a man to be the next ruler. God had told him he would find such a man amongst the sons of Jesse.

Thus it was that Samuel invited the worthy peasant and his seven sons to the sacrifice. Afterwards they had a great feast. The prophet gazed from one to another of the sons, but each time shook his head. Surely, not one of these could rule Israel.

Finally, he asked, "Are all of your children here?"

"David is on the mountain tending the sheep," replied the father.

"Send for him," said the prophet.

Soon David stood before Samuel holding his harp and sling in his hand. The prophet seemed deeply impressed by the fair lad's frank, kind face. He

gazed at him joyfully for a long time. Then he said in a voice filled with earnestness, "This boy will truly be the future king."

Jesse and his sons were amazed. It seemed impossible that this child would some day be king Yet so the prophet had said.

"Say nothing of what has happened. It will not be for many years," he said, and then went away.

After that David often went to Ramah where Samuel lived. Here he learned how to play other instruments besides the harp, and to read and sing. The prophet spoke often of God, so that David's faith grew stronger and stronger.

But while David was living so happily, King Saul was as sad as the boy was cheerful. The king was ill. At times melancholy thoughts would seize him, and he would brood for hours without speaking. Then, suddenly, he would rage and curse. His violent words filled his servants and all about him with fear.

The doctors could advise no remedy to relieve his tortured state. Finally, one doctor suggested that if he could find someone to play on a harp and sing, the music might soothe him.

Many knew of David's skill as a harpist. King Saul's messenger was sent to Jesse with the following order, "Send me your son David, who is with the sheep."

So it was that the boy shepherd appeared at the court of King Saul. Here everyone grew to love the peasant lad. Every day he played and sang for the king. The beautiful music refreshed the king and made him well. Saul grew to love David as much as his own son, Jonathan, and made him his armor-bearer. Jonathan was a boy of about David's age, and the two became staunch friends. This friendship lasted all their lives.

But finally David was sent back to his father and the sheep. The war-like Philistines brought their armies nearer and nearer, and Saul led his army out to meet them. The Philistines camped on one hill, the Hebrews on another. Between the two hills, stretched a wide, green valley. Now the Philistines had a giant-sized soldier in their midst. He was called Goliath. He wore a coat of mail which weighed hundreds of pounds. His armor-bearers staggered under the weight of his huge spear and shield. Every day he marched down the hill to the valley. Then he would shout up to the Hebrews, "Choose a man from your number to come down and fight me. If he kills me, we shall be your servants, but if I kill him, you will be our servants."

The Hebrews listened to his challenge with fearful hearts. None ventured to accept it. Saul begged his men to meet the giant. He offered rich rewards and the hand of his daughter in marriage to any man who might kill the Philistine. But

there was no man among the Hebrews who wished to throw his life away, for there was none in their camp equal in size to Goliath. And so each morning the giant marched down the hill, and each time he marched back to his own camp. None ventured forth to fight him.

In Bethlehem, David still watched his father's sheep on the hillside. Three of his brothers had gone with Saul's army. David longed that he might join his brothers. He often looked toward where he knew the armies were encamped. He no longer sang of the stars in the sky; a war-like note had crept into his songs.

At last he had a chance to visit the Hebrew camp. His father asked him to take bread and corn to his brothers, and to inquire how they all were. David was overjoyed. He reached the camp safely and distributed his gifts. While he was talking to his brothers, Goliath marched down to the valley. He jeered at the Hebrews timidity, and called them cowards.

David heard the bitter words of the giant. Resentment awakened within him. "I am ready to fight this man!" he cried.

His brothers were vexed and told him to return home to his sheep. "We know now why you came," they said. "You wanted to see the battle."

One of the soldiers heard David's brave words

and repeated them to Saul. The king was greatly pleased and sent for the lad. When David appeared before him he recognized him as his harpist and armor-bearer.

"Why you are too young, my boy," said the king. "You could not fight Goliath."

"Oh, no, I am not too young," cried the boy. "God is with me. He helped me kill a bear and a lion. He will help me now."

The king finally agreed to let the boy try his skill. Yet he feared that the result would be disastrous for the youth. He loved him dearly and did not wish to have him killed. "In spite of your brave words, my lad," he sighed, "I fear you are too young."

"Never fear," encouraged David. "Your army will be glorified if Goliath is slain by a child."

Then Saul took off his breastplate, sword, and helmet and fastened them on David. But David could hardly move under the heavy armor.

"I would rather use only my sling," he said. "I am not used to these weapons."

So he went out to meet the Philistine. He wore no armor, but carried his sling in his hand.

Now Goliath had come down the mountain for forty days. For forty days he had marched back to his camp without fighting. You can imagine

his surprise when he saw the shepherd lad coming down to meet him. He laughed long and loud.

"Do you think I am a dog," he roared, "that you bring that stick?"

"No," David replied. "You are worse than a dog!"

The giant lifted his huge spear, and came toward the youth.

"You have a sword, and a shield and a spear," David cried, "but God is with me. He will help me to kill you."

With that cry, he raised his sling. The stone flew straight as an arrow striking Goliath in the forehead. The giant fell to the ground. David then ran to him. He had no sword of his own, so he took the Philistine's sword and cut off his head. He then held it up for the armies to see.

When the Philistines saw that the boy had killed their leader, they were much afraid. The whole army fled; the Hebrews were in hot pursuit. Saul's followers killed many before they escaped.

Loud were the rejoicings when David came back to King Saul and laid Goliath's fierce head at the king's feet. Because he knew that God was always with him, he succeeded in whatever he tried to do.

Damon and Pythias

DIONYSIUS was ruler of Syracuse almost four hundred years before the Christian era. He usurped the throne, dispossessed the magistrates who were elected by the people, and ruled the land with a rod of iron. But his whole nature was not disagreeable. In fact, he had some very desirable qualities. He was a good scholar, fond of philosophy and poetry, and delighted in the company of learned men. His spirit was naturally generous, but because he was in a position which did not belong to him, he thought that everyone hated him and this made him harsh and suspicious.

At one time Dionysius had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison which was constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear. In this way, he could overhear the conversation of his captives.

He seemed to be in constant fear and trusted no one. He had a wide trench around his bedroom with a huge drawbridge that he drew up and down with his own hands.

One of his barbers boasted that every morning he held a razor to the king's throat. The tyrant was enraged, and had the barber put to death.

After that he would let no one but his daughters shave him. Finally, he would not even trust them with a razor, but forced them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells.

Philoxenus was a noted philosopher of the time. The king sent him to prison for finding fault with a poem that he had written. Then Dionysius composed another one. He was so highly pleased with the result that he sent for Philoxenus. After reading the poem aloud, he paused, waiting for the compliment he thought was forthcoming. But Philoxenus turned to the guards and murmured, "Carry me back to prison." This time, however, his generally suppressed sense of humor prompted the king to laugh and he granted Philoxenus his freedom.

Thus we see, that the king's anger, when once aroused, was stern and terrible, indeed. Among those who offended him was a Pythagorean named Pythias. The tyrant had thrown him into prison because he had displeased him. A day was set when he was to be put to death.

Pythias had lands in Greece where he lived and he wanted to go home to settle his affairs before he died.

"Just let me go home to say good-bye to my father and mother," he entreated. "I will surely come back in time to give up my life."

The king who trusted nobody, laughed disdainfully. "How can I know that you will keep your promise? Ha, ha," he cried, "You think you can cheat me. No, it is too late to try to save yourself."

"But surely you do not think I would break my promise?" Pythias queried.

"I do not value promises when life and death are concerned," the king flashed back. "Is there anyone you know who would answer for your return?"

"Oh king, I will become security for my friend," offered Damon, who was also a Pythagorean. "Pythias will return on time, I know. He has promised, and he is a man who has never broken his word. If something unlooked for occurs to delay his return, I shall be more than willing to suffer death in his stead."

The king was dumbfounded. Never before had he come in contact with such unselfish friendship. He agreed to the offer, however. Pythias returned to his home and friends, while Damon was shut up in prison.

Time passed. The day set aside for the execution drew near. Pythias had not returned. The king ordered Damon watched in case he should attempt an escape. But Damon did not try. His faith in his friend was absolute. "He will come," he said.

But Pythias did not come. The day of the execution dawned.

"Ha, now you have found out that it does not pay to trust your best friend," laughed the king.

"Pythias would surely come if nothing prevented," replied Damon. "Something has happened to delay him."

Soon the very hour of the execution arrived. Pythias had not yet appeared. The instruments of death were made ready. Still Damon's faith in his friend remained unshaken. "I will gladly die," he said, "for one I love so much."

At that moment, Pythias appeared in the doorway. He was overjoyed to think that he had come in time. Storm and shipwreck had delayed his voyage. He greeted Damon gratefully, and then went forward to receive his sentence. His air was as calm and resolute as ever.

Dionysius was thunderstruck. He had not known that there could be so much good in others. To think that one man would willingly lay down his life for one whom he loved.

"Would that I had such a friend!" he sighed. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other as much as Damon and Pythias did, should not die unjustly. He called the men to him and said, "Pythias, I give you your life, but only on condition that you admit me as a third member in your friendship."

The Handwriting on the Wall

NEBUCHADNEZZAR was a great king who lived many, many years ago. He fought in many battles and always won in the wars which he waged against his neighbors. But this king did not know about God. He prayed to ugly images carved out of stone and wood. One time he caused a gorgeous, golden image to be set up on a plain where there were no trees, for it was so big and high it could not have stood in any house. Nebuchadnezzar worshipped this image, and furthermore, he commanded all of his people to do so.

After the image was erected, he called together the princes, lords, and people from all over his realm. The finely clad noblemen, the musicians with their stringed instruments and the motley throngs were indeed a dazzling, impressive sight to behold. Then, when they were all assembled, the king commanded that at the sound of the trumpets, cornets and flutes, all the people should fall down upon their knees and worship the golden image. But it so happened that there were three men among the people who did not obey the command of the king. These men belonged to the people of Judah, who believed in God, and whom Nebuchadnezzar had captured.

"Why didst thou not fall down upon your knees and worship at the sound of the music?" the king asked of the three when they were brought before him.

And they answered, "We will not worship your gods nor your images, for the God we worship is in Heaven. His signs are great, His wonders mighty, His kingdom everlasting, and His dominion endureth from generation to generation."

Nebuchadnezzar trembled with fury. He ordered the men bound and thrown into a fiery furnace. But God saved the men. They walked about amidst the flames unsinged. When the king saw that the men were not burned, he cried, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." And he made a decree that all of his people should worship the one real God of these three men.

Now God had given Nebuchadnezzar a kingdom, and majesty, and honor, and glory. But his heart became hardened in pride. His people were deathly afraid of him. All of those whom he wished to kill, he killed. Finally, he was driven from his throne and made to live with the beasts of the field. He fed upon grass as did the oxen, until finally, after living thus for days and days, he lifted his eyes to Heaven and praised "God who liveth forever and ever, and whose dominion is an everlasting one." Then his kingdom was restored him and he honored and extolled God thereafter.

Belshazzar, his son, ruled in his stead. In his palace he held a great feast. Thousands of his lords were there with their wives and friends. Upon the king's table were the same gold and silver dishes, the same jewelled cups which his father had. The same shining cups and dishes were filled with sweet, rich food and costly wines.

But there were not enough of these dishes in the palace to supply all of the guests, so the king did a dreadful thing. He sent to the temple and had the silver cups and bowls taken from the altar and brought to him.

The wicked king filled them with wine, passed them around the table, and the guests drank from them. The harder they drank, the noisier and more boastful did they become. They praised the gods they worshipped, gods of gold and silver, wood and stone.

During the course of this merry-making, the king's face grew ashen white, his eyes opened wide with horror, and his knees trembled weakly. The princes thought that he was sick. He could not utter a sound. With shaking fingers, he pointed at the wall behind them. It was of white plaster. Before it stood a large, burning candlestick which threw its light upon it. There upon the wall was a man's hand. As the horrified people gazed in wide-eyed astonishment, the fingers began to write upon the plaster. This is what it wrote: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

No one knew the meaning of the strange words. All were very much frightened. The king cried aloud to have all the wise men of Babylon brought before him, hoping that they might interpret the meaning of the strange words. The king said to the wise men, "Whosoever shall read the writing and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler here."

But the wise men of Babylon shook their heads. They could not read the writing.

Then the queen came into the banquet hall. "O king," she said, "Live forever. Let not thy thoughts trouble thee. There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the Holy God. Thy father, King Nebuchadnezzar trusted him. He made him master of all the soothsayers, magicians and astrologers. Now let Daniel be called. He will interpret the meaning of the words for you."

Daniel was brought in before the king. The king spoke to him saying, "I have heard that the spirit of God is in thee, and that excellent wisdom and understanding are thine. All of these wise men have been brought in before me that they might read this writing. They could not tell the meaning of the words. Now if thou canst read the writing and show me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet and have a chain of gold about thine neck, and thou shalt be third ruler of the kingdom."

Then Daniel said, "O proud and wicked king, thou knowest what happened to thy father, Nebuchadnezzar, but still hast thou not humbled thine heart. Thou hast lifted thyself up against the Lord of Heaven. Thou hast drunk wine from the vessels of His House, and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold. The God in whose hand thy breath is, thou hast not glorified."

Then Daniel looked at the white plaster and read the words that were written there, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is what it means. Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thy kingdom shall be taken from thee!" So Daniel interpreted the meaning of the words.

All this time while the feast was in full swing, even while the hand had written the strange words upon the wall, and while Daniel was interpreting the meaning an enemy was nearing the city. An army of Medes and Persians crept under the wall one night, stole through the dark streets, and surrounded the palace of the king. Belshazzar lay in his palace, dead. It was as Daniel had said, "Thy kingdom shall be taken from thee."

The Sword of Damocles

LONG, long ago, there lived a poor man, who in the midst of his daily toil, bitterly bemoaned his poverty and his insignificance. He was not exactly unhappy but that did not keep him from wishing for riches and power.

"How wonderful it must be to be a king. How happy his Majesty, Dionysius, must be with his great wealth, power and high station. Here am I, the poorest of the poor living from hand to mouth while he has everything he may desire.

It made him more and more unhappy as he brooded over it. He worked less and less, as more and more time was spent in considering his seemingly unenviable condition. He spoke of his discontent to his wife and to many of his friends.

It was true that Dionysius was rich and powerful and that he reigned over many lands. He had subjugated many people, had won many wars. But with increased powers he grew more wicked, his cruelty brought hatred and discontent.

The king was in constant fear. With each day's awakening came the thought that that day might be his last, with each night's preparation for repose came the horror of possible death before morning.

Death stalked him everywhere. He grew more morose, more cruel. He trebled his guards so that he found no moment which he might call his own.

"What would I not give to be a poor unknown, going my own way without fear, without guards and henchmen? What would I not give for true friends and absence of care? Ah me," he sighed, "my lot is indeed an unhappy one.

So here we find the king and the poor man, each with envy in his heart.

I do not know to whom the prime minister spoke of the king's curious frame of mind. Nor do I know just how, Damocles, unless it was through his friends, could have come to the notice of the prime minister. But the proof that he did is in the story.

One day the prime minister, after an unusually gloomy outburst by the king, informed him of the envy and wish of Damocles.

Upon hearing the prime minister's remarks, the king made no immediate reply. Evidently he needed time to consider the situation. But evidently too, the information was being duly considered for a few days later he asked his advisers to have Damocles brought before him.

Damocles came trembling and uncertain. He could not understand what the reason could be that would bring him before the great king. He knew of no wrong he had done unless—

"The king must have heard that I envy him and I am to be punished for my presumption."

He trembled with good cause now. So that, when he finally appeared before Dionysius, he was a very sorry and abject figure.

The king studied him with interest. It seemed very strange to him that any one should envy him his lot.

"Damocles," he said. "I hear that your wish is to be as powerful as I am. I understand that you desire such wealth and dominion as I have."

"Nay, sir," the wretched man denied. "I would not dare to have so wonderful a wish."

"Yet you would like to be in my place, nevertheless, it seems?" Strange that the king should not be angry. Damocles gained courage.

"If I could have your power, your wealth, your comforts for a day, I could die contentedly or even live happily thereafter," the poor man ventured timidly. He was quite surprised at his outspokenness.

"That can be arranged," replied Dionysius. "And if you like it for the day perhaps we can arrange that you have it always."

It must be a mad whim of the king's thought Damocles. But why was he to object. Why should he turn upon such great good fortune?

So the king arranged that Damocles should be king for the whole of the next day. The latter envied him the ease with which he made his plans.

I think the temporary king must have risen long before the sun came up in order to have all of his great day. It seemed truly wonderful to him to be waited upon, to have his commands obeyed, to be served the rich and wonderful foods.

So this was what he had wished for all his life? Could Dionysius have really meant that he could be king for more than one day? He dwelt quite lingeringly upon the idea.

I do not know how it chanced but about midday the happy Damocles looked up toward the great ceiling immediately above his throne. Horrors! What was that which he saw? A sword! A sword and hanging by a mere hair.

"Remove it," he commanded and heaved a sigh of relief as he saw a faithful guard obey his command. But no sooner had he been obeyed than another sword appeared in the selfsame way.

He ordered his throne moved but a sword seemed ever above his head. He tried to ignore it but it would not be ignored. There it was, the hair just barely holding it.

Two hours passed. The prime minister had come and in answer to Damocles' eager request for

the possible reason for the sword which appeared ever above his head, the former explained.

"True, sire, there is great wealth, great power, great dominion. But for the selfsame reason there is great danger. For Dionysius never had a secure moment. He never knew which hour was his last. Could he then enjoy the greatness of his possessions?"

For a little while Damocles still thought that he could. But the fear of death, its uncertainty grew upon him. He began to long for his old life, the life which he had held so lightly, had despised so greatly.

He looked up again and it seemed to him that the hair which held the sword was about to give way.

He screamed his fear. "I want no longer to be king," he called to the prime minister. "I am Damocles, a poor man and such I wish to remain. Bring back Dionysius."

He discarded the fine garments of the king hastily, frantically. They brought back Dionysius who looked at him with great amusement.

"Do you still envy me, oh Damocles?" he asked mildly.

"Envy you? I envy only myself."

So there you have the story and there you also have the lesson it unfolds.

The Origin of Roast Pig

IN the Essays of Elia, Charles Lamb tells us how roast pig originated. I do not know whether he vouches for the accuracy of his story; on the other hand, I have not heard of any one who has denied that the story is so.

In far off China, ages and ages ago, before people had ever thought of eating meat in any other way than raw, there lived a Chinaman whose name was Hoti. The hero of our story is Bo-bo, his son.

Hoti was no prince of the blood, he was among the poorest of the poor. That must have been a poor state indeed at that time.

Poor as he was however, he owned a dilapidated hut and, treasures of treasures, a litter of new-farrowed pigs.

Bo-bo was like all boys of all times. When he was left to himself he was apt to forget instructions given him, he would much rather be at play. So although most carefully instructed by Hoti as to what he had to do and what he must not do, immediately after Hoti was gone he began to think of ways in which he could spend his time most pleasurably.

Left to himself, as I have said, Bo-bo played to

his heart's content. It was while he was in the midst of one of his games that he saw smoke and immediately thereafter fire in the straw which helped to serve as a bed for the pigs. Alarmed, he tried to put it out, but the fire had gained too much headway; in no time at all, the hut was burned to the ground.

Poor Bo-bo. I suppose it is silly to be sorry for him, since it was his own carelessness that brought it all about. But if you had known Hoti, if you had known what a great fortune the new pigs represented, you would have pitied the careless boy.

He cried and he sobbed as if his heart would break. It must have been with the idiotic hope that the pigs might still be alive that he began to grope among the ruins.

Something burned his fingers, a not unlikely possibility in playing, or rather groping where fire is.

The point of our story is right here. Finding his fingers burnt, Bo-bo did what you would do, what anyone would do under the circumstances, he put the burnt fingers to his mouth. No one has ever explained why this is done, no one can deny that it is done.

The thing that happened then made Bo-bo forget his burns. What was that which he tasted? Delicious, strange, something which his limited senses could not grasp.

You will have to read the story of Charles Lamb to get the boy's mixed feelings. It was heresy to even think that meat was to be eaten any other way than raw, had it not been eaten that way for ages?

Nevertheless there it was, there was the taste. The boy forgot his alarm, even the fear of his father; the desire for roast pig was uppermost. Feverishly he sought the burnt pigs, he gorged himself and still wanted more.

Hoti found him so. The complex emotions of the man, who I am afraid was not used to any other but simple emotions may well be supposed. There was the burnt hut, the pigs were gone, there was his wretched scoundrel of a son turned crazy.

Bo-bo who under ordinary circumstances would have cowered and crawled toward him to kiss his feet in abject misery, seemed to be only concerned in his senseless groping and devouring of whatever it was. Finally he seemed to realize that his father was there, that an explanation was in order. But his mouth continued to be stuffed with the delicious food, he could only motion frantically toward the ruins and try to show by action what his father should do.

Hoti, curiosity quite strong, began to grope among the ruins to see what it was his son was doing. Suddenly he realized that it was the burnt pig his son was devouring. He was horrified, shocked. Burnt flesh—what heresy?

But his fingers also became scorched and he did what his son Bo-bo had done. The taste of the pig overcame him, soon too, he was madly in search of such portions of the burnt flesh as he could find.

To make our story somewhat briefer, it may be said here that Hoti commanded his son to make no mention of what had happened. But though the secret was zealously kept by them, it began to be noticed how often the huts of Hoti were burned down. A watch was set, the awful secret was discovered.

Hoti and Bo-bo were brought to trial. Things were certainly black for them. No one could excuse the sacrilege of eating meat except in the way nature intended it. No one except the one, who was foreman of the jury, who possibly had an inquisitive nature. Possibly too, he had grown tired of raw meat, craved a change, and thought that this might bring it. He therefore requested of the judge, so that he could make an intelligent decision, that he be permitted to try this burnt pig.

He did, so did the others. They brought in an immediate verdict of not guilty. After that no one ate pig, if he had a choice, in any other way.

Alexander and Diogenes

ALEXANDER, son of Philip of Macedon, showed early in life the qualities that later made him the great figure in history he was.

King Philip had obtained a splendid horse, truly a noble animal answering to the name of Bucephalus. The horse however was untamed and none of the men of Macedon could ride him. No punishment would make the horse obedient and so the king ordered him taken away.

"Let me ride him, father," said Alexander. "I think I can."

The king laughed at the idea.

"What makes you think you can ride him?" asked his father.

"Let me but try," the boy insisted.

Alexander had watched while others had attempted to ride the horse. He had noted that the horse was afraid of his shadow and that the more he was whipped the more fractious he became.

He made his way to the horse and quietly turned his head so that his shadow was behind him. He spoke quietly, soothingly to him, then suddenly he leaped upon him.

The horse made a wild dash to escape but Alexander, already a skilled horseman, held firm. He let the horse have his way until he became exhausted, then gently but firmly began to guide him. Then he returned to the waiting Philip who was quite alarmed and uncertain of his fate.

Later in life it was Bucephalus that carried him to the eastern lands at the head of the mighty army which conquered the then great countries.

The conqueror entered Corinth in Greece anxious to meet the man who was known everywhere for his great wisdom. Alexander the Great although the most powerful of all kings was always liberal and considerate. He respected other people's beliefs and opinions and admired knowledge and wisdom.

Diogenes the Wise was a man who was centuries ahead of his time. Although he was respected for his great wisdom people held as much aloof from him as he did from them.

A friend of his met him one day when the sun was high in the heavens. Diogenes was carrying a lighted lantern and evidently in search of someone or something. So engrossed was he that his friend did not ask him what he was seeking until he had followed him for an hour or more.

"You do not seem to find what you are seeking, good Diogenes. May I ask just what it is?" he asked.

"An honest man," replied Diogenes and continued on his search.

When Alexander arrived at Corinth, the whole city turned out to do him honor. The foremost men were there, but Diogenes failed to appear. Since it was Diogenes he wanted to see, Alexander asked his whereabouts and sought him there.

Diogenes made no reply in answer to the king's greeting but continued deep in thought. Finally, Alexander spoke.

"I am Alexander. Is there anything I can do for you? You have but to speak."

"You can," replied Diogenes. "Will you stand to one side? For then you will not keep the sunshine from me."

It was not the answer Alexander had expected. But it pleased him nevertheless and he moved obediently. Since Diogenes paid no further attention to him he turned away and soon returned to his quarters.

His men professed to be greatly provoked at the man's rudeness but not so Alexander.

"As for me," he said, "if I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

Leonidas at Thermopylae

PERSIA was at one time the greatest country in the world. Darius was the ruler. If he could have had his way there would have been no other king on the face of the earth. He looked upon Greece with jealous hatred, for that country too, was quite strong.

"I shall make myself master of Greece," he said with determination. He seemed to think that his word would be law wherever he went, and that all countries would be crushed by his military forces. But what a surprise awaited him.

He sent Persian heralds to every state in Greece. From each state they demanded a tribute of earth and water. But the proud Athenians refused to submit to their exacting neighbors. They threw the heralds into ditches where bodies of criminals were thrown. A few were thrown into the wells and told that there they would find plenty of water.

Darius was furious. "I shall force these arrogant Athenians to obey my commands," he declared. "I shall send my whole fleet and army to teach them who is the ruler of this earth. Without an organized military force they will be helpless.

Ha! the miserable Greeks will be bowing their heads to the ground before me in no time."

The Persians landed on the Grecian coast and camped on the plain of Marathon, near the city of Athens. Miltiades, the ablest Greek general, led the attack against the invaders. He showed that the Greek soldiers were equal to any in the world. He drove back an army of Persians fifteen times as large as his own, and lost only one hundred and ninety-two men. The defeated Persians hurried back to their ships and returned to their king's own dominions.

Sparta was one of the strongest states of Greece. Leonidas was the king's son. He was an enterprising, aggressive youth full of earnestness and animation. He was generous, patriotic and brave, willing to sacrifice life and liberty for his country. As a boy he was trained in the gymnasium and excelled in all manly sports. After the death of his father, he became king of Sparta.

King Darius of Persia, humiliated by his failure to conquer the Greeks the first time, determined to renew the attack. He hoped to atone for the overwhelming defeat at Marathon. Before he completed his preparations, however, he died, and his son, Xerxes came to the throne.

Xerxes was bent upon carrying out his father's plan to subdue Greece. He hoped that this wealthy country might be added to his kingdom. Four

years he disciplined his soldiers and built ships. The world had never known as huge an army.

Ephialtes, one of King Leonidas' pages, was appointed a spy. He made his way to the Persians as soon as they encamped on Grecian soil. It was his duty to discover the enemy's number, their plan of attack and anything else he could.

When he returned to Leonidas he was bereft of hope. All his confidence was gone. "We are lost!" he cried. "Xerxes has gathered his ships by thousands, men by nations. The Persians detected me as soon as I came within their lines. I was brought before the king. I thought my death was certain. Instead of killing me, one of the soldiers escorted me through the camps to point out the vast number of their forces. I would not encourage my country's armies to certain defeat."

But Leonidas, ever brave, made reply. "I shall teach this would-be conqueror that it is not the multitude of an army that counts, but its valor."

He chose the Pass of Thermopylae as a point of defence. This was a defile in the mountains scarcely wide enough for a single wagon to pass through. At this point also had the Persians intended to push their way into Greece.

All would have been fair for the Greeks had Ephialtes remained loyal. Jealous of Leonidas and desirous of his own welfare and fortune, the page showed the Persians a secret path which led

over the mountains. It was poorly defended and the enemy passed without difficulty. Now Leonidas would be hemmed in from the rear.

But this worthy general heard of the approach in time to escape. He commanded all but three hundred Spartans to retreat. He was also urged to withdraw, but he replied with flashing eye, "I have an example to set to Greece—a lesson to teach the Persians. They must know that Leonidas and his three hundred men were not afraid to face three millions and certain death. The post will be stormed, but it will not be deserted."

The next day Leonidas and his brave Spartans fought desperately. They had no chance against such vast numbers. All were slain but one man.

But these lives were not lost in vain. The example fired the Greeks to avenge the massacre of Leonidas and his followers. At Salamis, Themistocles shattered the Persian army and brought the war to a close.

Ephialtes died a miserable outcast on Persian soil, while the name of Leonidas was rendered immortal by his bravery and willing death for his country.

How Rome Was Founded

NUMITOR who had been king of Albia had been deposed by his younger brother, Amulius, who in turn became king of the land. The former thereupon set up a smaller kingdom of his own in a neighboring land.

Rhea Silvia was the daughter of Numitor and she gave birth to twins. When Amulius heard of this, fearing that these twins might some day inherit the kingdom he had seized, he gave orders to trusty servants to dispose of them so that they would not trouble him any further.

The helpless babes were placed in a small basket and thrown into the river Tiber. The Tiber was in high flood at that time and it seemed certain that the twins could not survive the hour.

But the flood abated and the basket in which the children had been placed was washed ashore. Even then, these babes, but a few days old, might well have died. But a she wolf came upon them and nursed them for many days.

It happened that Faustulus, shepherd to King Amulius, passed that way and came upon the strange sight of the wolf and the babes. His pity was moved and he brought the babes home.

The boys grew to manhood. But instead of fol-

lowing the calling of their foster father, they became hunters. Soon too, they began to attack the troops of robbers returning that way with their rich spoils. A great company of shepherds was formed and this band became widely feared.

The robbers also banded together and made plans to ambush them. During the fight Remus, one of the twins was captured and brought before the king of Albia, his wicked great uncle (though neither one of them knew it to be so). The robbers told how the prisoner, with the outlaws whom he led, had invaded the land of Numitor, his brother.

Although Amulius had no love for his brother he thought it a good time to pretend that he was well disposed toward him and so sent the prisoner to him with the story the robbers had told him.

Faustulus heard of this. He loved his foster sons. He had guessed from the beginning that the babes he had found on the shore of the Tiber were the grandsons of Numitor but had said nothing of it at the time for he knew that it would be an ill turn to them to tell of it. But now he saw no reason for remaining quiet longer.

Thereupon he went to Numitor and told him what he knew. Numitor was quick to understand.

Soon thereafter Romulus with a large number of shepherds set forth to attack Albia. At the same time Remus gathered the youth of the land which Numitor governed, preparing for attack.

The brothers defeated their great uncle and slew him. Numitor returned to Albia where the

people welcoming him, again acclaimed him king.

Romulus and Remus, however were not content. Nothing would satisfy them but to found a new city on the site where they had lived with Faustulus, their foster father. Perhaps they saw the wonderful possibilities of the land which was to become the great city of Rome.

Many followed them. It was a big task, yet the restless souls made great headway. But with success before them trouble between the brothers arose. Their ways had been as one up to this time but pride and ambition now came between them.

For whom should the great city be named? How should they decide? They disputed the matter and it was decided that it was for the gods to show whom they favored.

Remus mounted the Aventine hill and watched a region of the sky which he had picked for a signal that the gods favored him. Romulus in turn picked the Palatine and there searched that region of the skies which was to be his.

There came six vultures for Remus to see. And those who had chosen him were quick to acclaim him as the chosen one. But at that very moment twelve vultures appeared for Romulus.

Yet this was not satisfactory to Remus. The dispute waxed hot and turned to blows. Long they fought and in the melee Remus lost his life. There were those who declared that Romulus had slain him, others were certain that it was another who had killed him. But dead he surely was.

Now they offered sacrifices to the gods after which Romulus assembled the people of the new city. Laws were made and he was declared King.

The city grew fast. People flocked to it. It mattered not whether men were free or bond, they became citizens of the new city. The King picked one hundred men as counselors or "fathers."

Up to this time no women were in the city. Romulus sent emissaries to neighboring countries for wives for his people. But they scorned his emissaries, declaring that Rome was but an abiding place for robbers and slaves.

The Romans were furious. Perhaps too, they welcomed the opportunity this gave them.

The king made his plans. Festivals and games were arranged in honor of the gods, especially to Neptune. Invitations were sent to the cities near by. The citizens of these cities, anxious to see what Rome looked like, came for the festivals.

When enough of these had gathered the Romans suddenly rushed upon them. Every woman, not married, was seized. Romulus spoke softly to them. He told them that the fault for such action lay with their fathers who scorned their honorable plea. He assured them that no harm would befall them, they were to be wives of Romans. Hereafter, Rome was to be their land, some day, they would boast that they were the wives of Romans.

The men of the neighboring nations gathered an army together to march on Rome to avenge the insult but these Romulus easily defeated. With

his own hand he slew the king of the enemy and in honor of his victory, he built a mighty temple to Jupiter.

Soon after, however, Tatius, king of the Sabines, attacked Rome. Through the treachery of a Roman maid the Sabines gained the citadel.

The battle was fought on a great field between the Palatine and the Capitol. At first the invaders were successful. But Romulus, calling upon Jupiter for aid, implored his men to stand fast.

Now the tide of battle changed. The Romans drove the Sabines back. Much slaughter there surely would have been but that the women for whom they fought rushed between them and implored them each to cease battle. "For we belong to both of you—we are the bond between you."

Their pleas stirred the hearts of the warriors. The fighting ended. Thereafter King Romulus and King Tatius reigned together over both lands, until by chance, Tatius was slain at Lanuvium by men of that city. Thereafter Romulus ruled over both lands.

For thirty-five years and more Romulus reigned. Then one day he called his people together upon a great field. Army after army passed by, all of these were Romans. When the last of them marched by, a sudden, great storm arose and circled about the King of Rome. When it died down, Romulus was not to be seen. In this way he disappeared.

But Rome ruled the world for many a day.

The Jewels of Cornelia

THERE are many stories centered about Rome's greatness but none has more human interest than the story of Cornelia who was a Roman matron. Hers was a mother love that will always be remembered.

She had little of the world's riches yet she never seemed discontented. Life to her seemed worthwhile indeed and no one ever heard her complain. The pride and affection for her two sons was wonderful to see, her whole life seemed centered about them.

Her sons in turn were devoted to her. Their mother was always first in their thoughts and it was this perhaps that made them inseparable.

They grew into manhood and became great warriors. They fought for Rome and such was their bravery that upon their return great honor was paid them, for Rome was always grateful to her sons for their deeds in her behalf.

A great reception was to be given them. To it, of course, the great men and women of Rome were asked and even the emperor himself was to attend.

The day came at last, and the two youths, pride-

fully escorting their mother whose love for them shone in her soulful eyes, arrived at the palace of festivities.

Now Cornelia was still poor, even though she came from one of the oldest Roman families. She came to the reception unadorned, a simple white robe about her, her hair simply dressed and not a jewel upon her. She must have been a very striking figure in that company of wonderfully dressed Roman ladies each of whom vied with the other in the splendor of her adornment and jewels.

One there was even more beautiful and more wonderfully adorned than the rest and she even drew the attention of Cornelia's sons who had up to then had eyes for none other than their mother.

"Is she not wonderful, is she not beautiful, brother?" said the younger.

"That she is," replied the older, "but yet she has not the beauty of our own dear mother."

There were many others who admired the beautiful lady for her charm and the splendor of her dress.

"Ah," said one enviously, "to have such splendid adornment and to be able to wear them as does she. That is my idea of happiness."

"Look then, at Cornelia who has no jewels," remarked her friend.

"What need for that? Why waste my vision

upon her when here I can see the brightest of the jewels of Rome?"

"Yet, so it seems to me, the lady in jewels seems no happier than does Cornelia," insisted the friend.

"I would either be the happiest or the unhappiest were I to change place with either."

Came this same friend to Cornelia soon thereafter.

"You seem happy, Cornelia and well you may be so, for your sons have won signal honor this day."

"I am happy indeed," replied Cornelia simply.

"It is a wonderful assemblage," remarked the friend. "So many who are brave and powerful and honored are present. And never were there more wonderful jewels anywhere. See you the fairest of all the ladies present? Are not her jewels truly wonderful?"

"Truly they are," replied Cornelia but absently, as she watched her sons who were coming toward her. She smiled to them.

"Do you not wish for jewels such as hers? Do you not envy her their possession?"

"Envy?" replied Cornelia, the mother, as she turned to the questioner. "What need have I for envy when I have far greater jewels than hers. See, these are my jewels!" Her arms went around her two sons and she looked at her beloved possessions with wondrous pride and content.

Horatius at the Bridge

KING TARQUIN of Rome proved a cruel king and a relentless tyrant. The people of Rome bore his oppressions for many years. But at last they rose in revolt and drove him from the throne. But one son escaped with him, the rest were either among the slain or, disavowing him, were allowed to remain.

At this time, one Porsenna ruled the great kingdom of Culsium, which was the richest and most powerful of the neighboring lands. Tarquin, the deposed monarch appeared before him and pleaded his cause.

Now Tarquin was an Etrurian by birth, so also was Porsenna. His plea, most skillfully made, was on the score of this common tie as well as the loyalty and duty one king owed another at such a time.

So wily was his plea, Porsenna was persuaded and agreed to come to his aid. He gathered a mighty army together and set forth to attack and overcome the city of Rome.

When word came to the citizens of Rome of the approaching army and the purpose of Porsenna, there was great bewailing. For there were many who felt it useless to oppose this mighty army.

They feared the power of Porsenna. It was these people who immediately began to urge that Tarquin be recalled.

"Far better that we live at least, even if it be under so cruel a king as this Tarquin. At least, we shall live. For to oppose the might of Clusium is sure death."

But the braver among them prevailed. Quickly, they made all preparations to oppose the powerful invader.

The foe was now near at hand. Porsenna captured the strategic and powerful hill of Janiculum. It was one of the seven hills of Rome, it was on the far shore of the Tiber and it led to the bridge over the river, so giving the Clusiumites a possible entre to the city.

Upon the capture of the hill by Porsenna, the Romans were panic stricken. They retired in great haste leaving the bridge practically unprotected.

It was Horatius who took the lead. He tried to stop the Romans in their flight, throwing himself before them, he shouted:

"Take heed, you Romans. If you permit this bridge to stand there will be more enemies in Rome tonight than there are now on Janiculum. Are you so base that you will not turn and help destroy the bridge? Burn it down and that at once."

He could not however, stop them, so Lartius, Herminius and he resolved to give their lives, if need be, but to destroy the bridge at all hazards. For with the bridge down, the Romans would have time to rally and defend the city.

Their resolution seemed to hearten some of the Romans who, while the three stood guard at the enemy's side, proceeded to set the structure on fire. Soon it was a mass of flame.

"Escape Horatius, fly Lartius and you too, Herminius. Fly while there still is time," the Romans now shouted to the heroic three.

Horatius bade the other two make their escape. Though they would not fly without him, he compelled them to withdraw. But he would not go, for he saw that the enemy might still succeed to save the bridge if left undefended.

As his two friends reluctantly retired, the bold Horatius turned to the Clusiumites and shouted defiantly:

"Come then, you cravens, you men who fight at another's will."

And indeed the enemy had not been slow. They had witnessed what had promised to be an immediate and overwhelming success taken from them at the last moment. But one man opposed them, there was still time perhaps to rush the bridge and so capture the city.

Swiftly they came. Javelins flew at Horatius as he stood at the narrow entrance but his shield served him well. There he stood, a mighty man on guard, even as his comrades on the other side worked lustily with axes to help the flames which were roaring loud.

The Clusiumites endeavored madly to down the brave Horatius. But he would not give an inch, although the enemy struck eagerly and often at him.

Yet mighty as he was he could not oppose them much longer. Suddenly there was a great, a joyous shout. The bridge was down at last. Rome was saved.

The powerful Horatius, gladdened by the shout, now turned to the river.

"Father Tiber," he said calmly, "I seek your good mercy. I am but a soldier whose duty is done. Do with me as you will."

He threw himself into it. Swiftly, safely, he swam to the other shore, although the javelins of all Clusium seemed to fall all around him. Father Tiber was indeed protecting him.

He reached the other side, where the cheering Romans helped him ashore. Great was his welcome, his heroism was loudly proclaimed.

The citizens of Rome rewarded him with a large grant of land and many gifts.

The Normans Are Here

HAROLD, the last of the Saxons, at the head of an army was awaiting the coming of William of Normandy when word came to him, that his brother Tostig had landed on the shores of England with his friend, Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, at the head of an army.

Tostig incensed at his brother for many reasons had declared war against him. Harold, found no other recourse but to turn to meet this new enemy. He might be in time to defeat the Northmen and then return to battle the Normans.

The Norwegians were encamped near Stamford. Harold, having little desire to fight his brother, advanced with twenty horsemen toward the camp of the enemy.

"Who is that?" asked Harold pointing.

"The king of Norway," was the reply.

"He seems a mighty warrior but his end is near," Harold remarked.

The battle began soon thereafter. The English won almost at once. Both Tostig and Hardrada were slain in the fighting. Harold permitted the

defeated Norwegians to return to their ships and sail for home.

Swiftly now he marched his army to meet the Normans. But he was too late, the Normans had already landed.

Word of their landing came to Harold even as his army was on the march. He had stopped to rest on the way when a messenger arrived. He had ridden hard for many hours.

"The Normans are here." He told of their great number so that Harold and his counselors deemed it wise to return to London to add to their army and equipment.

Yet despite this added number Harold's men numbered less than thirty thousand against twice the number of Normans. Many of the Saxons were rustics who carried pitchforks only.

Harold, realizing the strength of the Normans, wisely decided not to meet the enemy on open ground. He built breastwork, pits, and intrenchments of earth and tree trunks. The spot he had picked was well suited for the purpose, it was upon a hill near Hastings.

William tried hard to draw the English into open battle. His army had subsisted on plunder, it had laid waste all of the territory it had passed over. Yet Harold would not be drawn into the open, in-

stead he waited the attack which was bound to come.

There followed a battle which beginning in the early morning lasted well into the night. The powerful, splendidly equipped Normans attacked again and again but they could not make any impression on the wall of iron which the Saxon shields locked one in to the other, presented against them.

William himself led a charmed life. Horse after horse was slain under him but the fiery Norman kept urging his men forward again and yet again. Twice the hireling Bretons were repulsed and they threatened to make a disorderly flight but the Norman duke compelled them to turn again and attack.

Harold too, with his brothers Gurth and Leofwin, made a tower of strength. The Normans despite their greater number seemed to be losing ground. Try as they would they could not pass the wall of shields, the battle axes of the sturdy Saxons told well and often.

The cunning William now seemed to lose hold of his men. They seemed to be in disorderly retreat. But it was only a trap to entice the English into the open. It succeeded, the wall of steel opened, the Saxons rushed from their covered position to pursue the apparently flying Normans.

William and a division of cavalry bore down on the pursuing Saxons. The battle which had up to

then been the Saxons now turned in favor of the Normans. Still the Saxons fought on. William and a number of his men bore down on the standard of England. Though repulsed they came again and again. The brothers of Harold were both slain fighting valiantly.

William now ordered his archers, the best in all Europe, to shoot at the stubborn English. The arrows flying high came down upon the English with dire effect. The slaughter was frightful.

Yet the battle was still stubbornly contested. An illfated arrow struck Harold. He was mortally wounded. The exultant Normans poured over, they could not be withstood.

The rule of the Saxon was no more. Came the Normans. The brave fight of Harold was vain.

The body of the dead king was taken to Waltham and there buried with all honors. There is an inscription on his tomb, a simple one but one that plays fully with one's imagination. It is—

"Here lies the unfortunate Harold."

The Tournament

(Abridged from Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe)

THE last day of the tournament found the sky unclouded and a gentle breeze. It was the fairest of days for England's chivalry.

As the sun rose higher in the sky, the plain began to show the gorgeousness of its setting, the gay colors, the festal spirit of the assembly. For the moment only, the Saxon and the Norman were both Englishmen, the rancor of the former was gone, the overbearingness of the latter gave way to friendliness almost, and to even a hint of equality.

It was fitting, of course, for those of high importance not to appear too soon, yet it was still fairly early, and the heralds had but completed the entry of those knights whose names had been presented by their squires as desirous of joining either the party of the Disinherited Knight or that of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, when Prince John himself appeared. With him came his retinue, a brave and goodly number.

Even before that, Cedric the Saxon had arrived and with him the Lady Rowena, who had been

selected the day preceding, as the Queen of Love and Beauty, by the Disinherited Knight as right gained by overcoming all who had opposed him.

Prince John, with that courtesy which cloaked him so well, escorted the Lady Rowena to her throne and with many fine speeches assured her of his loyalty and homage as well as that of the knights who were present.

Soon enough the knights assembled in preparation for the tourney. It was found that the notables, had in the main, entered under the banner of the Templar. Possibly this was due to a hint of Prince John that it was his wish. Though there were a number who held aloof from the court of the Prince, they still deemed it wise not to be too open in their opposition, for none knew when John would become king either through his own machinations or through the death of his brother, Richard the Lion-hearted, whom rumor had declared both dead and foully imprisoned in the East.

Prince John, though his position demanded that he show no favoritism, had almost openly declared himself against the Disinherited Knight. This was due not because of love for de Guilbert but because the strange knight had both refused to state who he was and also had further refused the suggestion of the prince as to who might grace the throne of Love and Beauty.

The Disinherited Knight was no other than

Ivanhoe. It was not through any desire to heighten his own importance that he had refused to tell who he was, it was rather because his own identity would disclose the fact that King Richard was somewhere near or in England. Prince John and all his court knew of his devotion to the king, knew that he had remained near him from and to England and would readily surmise that his own return meant the return of the king. Neither the young knight nor the king were as yet prepared to disclose this.

There were, however, an equal number of knights who were listed under the banner of Ivanhoe though they knew not who he was. Suffice for them that he had proved his worth and prowess the day before and was fit indeed to head them.

Now the heralds announced the rules under which the tourney was to be held and since these were not dissimilar to the rules of most tournaments of those days they need not be repeated here. And so, having completed this, the marshal stepped forth, the heralds retired. In a voice of thunder, he called the signal words—"Laissez aller." The trumpets sounded as he spoke, the tournament was on.

"Crash!" As the front ranks of the opposing sides met each other, the sound could have been heard a mile away. The dust raised covered the combatants so that the spectators could not tell with whom the momentary success lay. Try as

they would, they could not make out anything but that a number of knights had been unhorsed. Gradually the dust lifted somewhat.

Such a sight as met their eyes. The knights, previously gayly bedecked, were now anything but gayly plumaged. Many were sadly bedraggled, many more were unconscious, those who remained still on horse, had no time to think of finery but had to devote every resource and skill against the foe.

Soon the remaining force held in reserve on both sides, joined in the frightful melee. Swords, lance and spear, with daggers here and there, and the deadly battle-axe and mace for many who had Saxon training. Swiftly, relentlessly, the two opposing forces hewed and thrust at each other, with each blow and every thrust, another was counted among the disabled.

So bitter a struggle could not last long without victory perching on the banner of one side or the other. But none stopped to count the havoc, bravely the men under de Guilbert shouted their battle-cry, "For the Temple, For the Temple," and inspired by the wonder of his skill and boldness attacked again and again. Not a whit disheartened the men under the Disinherited Knight shouted back their cry of "Desdichado, Desdichado," and made every stroke tell.

But at last but few remained. Of these, the two leaders were untouched; on the other hand neither

had as yet met the other. The spectators, whose gaze and interest had never wavered, looked forward with bated breath to the encounter. Front de Boeuf, who had fought well and creditably for the Templar had found himself freed from foes and so rested for the nonce. Too, Athelstane, the Saxon, whom Cedric had placed on a high pedestal, had deemed it better for him to join the Templar's side; he had resented the selection of the Lady Rowena, whose favor he courted, as the Queen of Love and Beauty, by any other than himself. He too, found himself free of any affray at the same time.

Ivanhoe, seeing the Templar unengaged, turned eagerly to joust with his foe. Nor did he find the latter one whit the less eager. The spectators voiced their interest in a long-drawn, joyous shout of encouragement. Of these, the majority favored the Disinherited Knight, for many reasons.

Truly, it was a combat of skill and rare horsemanship on both sides. If anything, the younger knight proved himself the more skillful, the more aggressive. He pressed his sullen antagonist back, step by step. Blow after blow was exchanged but his held the more force, the better thrust.

It was at this moment, when fortune seemed again to favor him that Athelstane and de Boeuf suddenly bethought themselves to come to the aid of his opponent. Swiftly they rode at him. Nor

was he aware of their coming until the crowd set up a great shout—"Beware, beware, Sir Disinherited."

Ivanhoe aimed a great blow at the Templar and turned to meet the oncoming foe who proved to be de Boeuf. He saw then that Athelstane was also riding hard at him with no sign of any of his own men, near or unengaged.

The contest was to become unequal here. Ivanhoe could not long have withstood the three mighty knights, yet he held firm.

But now the spectators turned to watch the swift advance of one whom they had termed the Sluggard, because he had shown little interest and less desire to mix too much in the melees. Like the wind he rode toward the combatants.

The beholders saw a wonderful sight. Swiftly the Sluggard vanquished both the Saxon and the Norman leaving the Templar again to Ivanhoe. So swift was his work that the burst of admiration of the spectators had in it something of awe.

"Who is he?" the murmur went around. But none could tell.

The Templar alone was no match for the younger knight. In great bitterness he found himself yielding, finally he succumbed. The proud knight had seldom found any to equal him, yet here had an unknown defeated him twice in succession.

His temper was white hot, yet he could do nothing else but acknowledge his defeat.

Now Prince John found it fit to call the tournament ended. He had expressed himself as wishing to name the Sluggard,—the Knight in the Black Armor, as the best knight of the day. In answer to those who respectfully insisted that success was due to the Disinherited Knight, he made the point, that all would have been lost but for the timely entree of the other.

But upon search being made the knight was nowhere to be found. He had disappeared. So that, greatly loth, Prince John summoned the Disinherited before him and with graceful words that but illy covered his mood and expression, he declared him victor and the bravest of the brave knights present.

Prince Arthur

OVER a hundred years after William of Normandy defeated the last of the Saxon kings in the battle of Hastings which made him the ruler of England by right of conquest, a certain little prince was born. It was Easter day in the year 1187. He was the grandson of Henry the Second of England, and the son of Duchess Constance. His name was Arthur.

The first few years of his life were spent living happily with his mother in their beautiful home in Brittany. When the lad reached the age of nine years, his mother brought him before the Assembly, which helped rule the little state of Brittany, in hopes that the members might acknowledge him as their duke.

King Richard was ruling in England at this time, and he pretended that he would like to make Arthur his heir.

Shortly after this, King Richard was killed. He left the crown in the hands of John, his brother. His nephew, Prince Arthur of Brittany, was the rightful heir to the throne, because he was the son of John's oldest brother. But Arthur, young and weak, had little chance of ascending the throne

when a strong, wicked usurper plotted to keep it from him. John was selfish and unscrupulous, as mean a man as ever wore a crown.

Philip, the king of France tried to help Arthur get his rights, not because he particularly loved the lad, but because he was jealous of King John. All of Philip's efforts proved futile. The English usurper managed to silence Philip with a bribe. The latter took Arthur to France where he lived very happily at the French court.

As time passed on, however, the young prince became restless and decided to go back to Brittany to claim his right as its lawful duke. A dispute had arisen between France and England. Philip permitted Arthur to gather together a band of young noblemen, all of whom were as rash and inexperienced as himself.

Mirabel was the first town which they attacked. It was here that Arthur's grandmother, Queen Eleanor lived. The town was besieged and easily taken, while the queen was shut up within the castle. She was a wise, fearless woman, however, and shrewd enough to send word to her brother, John, king of England, to bring aid.

Arthur and his men surrounded the castle so that no one might escape. Meantime, John sent an army to help Queen Eleanor and overcome Arthur.

King John demanded Arthur's surrender and

assured him that he meant only to bring the war to a close. The young knight complied. The king's promise seemed honest. He spoke as if he meant what he said.

After Mirabel was given up to John, he broke his promise. A promise to John meant only a means of gaining his selfish desires. He ordered Arthur and all his followers seized. Some were sent to England where they starved to death; most of them were thrown into French prisons. Arthur was shut up in the castle at Falaise, and Hubert, the governor of the castle, was to see that he did not escape.

Hubert was a kind man. He loved the young prince with all his heart and he did everything within his power to make Arthur happy.

One morning Hubert entered the room where Arthur was imprisoned. He seemed unusually despondent.

"Why are you so sad?" asked the prince. "Are you ill?"

But Hubert looked all the more doleful. Finally, he pulled out a paper and handed it to Arthur to read. It was John's orders to have the prince's eyes put out.

No sooner had he finished reading the terrible command than the door opened. The two ruffians

entered carrying the red hot irons. The lad ran to Hubert and fell upon his knees.

"Surely, oh Hubert, you will not allow them to do this. I would rather you would send them away, that you would carry out the king's orders yourself. I will not flinch, only please send them away."

"Alas, but the king commands it," sighed Hubert.

"But surely, Hubert, you will not obey. Why would you harm me? I have always befriended you. Don't you remember how your head ached that night and I tied it up with my handkerchief, sat with you until morning, and did everything I could to help you? Surely you would not put out eyes which have never frowned upon you, nor ever will. If my eyes must be put out, put them out yourself, Hubert, only please send these men away."

The men were there. The irons were ready. What was Hubert to do? As they moved toward the lad he drew closer to Hubert.

"Oh, mercy, mercy," he cried. "Save, me, save me," he implored. "I will not protest nor try to escape. I will stand stone-still. I beg of you to send them away."

Hubert could stand his pleadings no longer. He loved the boy, he hated the deed.

"You shall have your eyes," he said, sending the men away. Strange to say, they seemed only too glad to be relieved of the horrible task.

Hubert dared not tell John what he had done. He caused the bells in the steeple to ring loudly and proclaim that the prince was dead.

When the news reached the people, they rose up in arms against John. The king was cruel and revengeful. He threw men into prison without just cause and almost everyone in England hated him.

The fury of the people startled Hubert and he thought it best to tell the king that Arthur was still alive.

The king had Arthur taken from the castle and shut up in a tower. What became of him is not definitely known. Shakespeare says that the boy leaped from the tower window and was killed. Many think that the wicked king had him beheaded. All of the people in England were very sad indeed at the unhappy end of the brave lad's life.

The Boy Crusader

THE Holy War which endured for almost two hundred years covers a period of history crammed with interest that never wavers. The unique circumstances which called forth the gallant figures of noble knights, enthusiastic children, and generous, valiant women, all eager to play their part in wresting the Holy City of Jerusalem from the hands of the heathen, are in themselves strikingly fascinating.

The forces of Islam threatened to overrun the whole world. The followers of Mohammed increased in countless numbers. Their foothold in the East was a terror to Christianity. City after city fell before their warlike strokes.

The persecution of Christians in the East stirred the religious forces of the West into immediate, united action. An outburst of intense religious excitement came to the rescue of tottering Christianity and checked the progress of the conquering Mohammedans. For the first time in the history of the world, the mysterious, stately East was face to face with the glittering, civilized West.

Five armies of venerable crusaders had marched to Jerusalem to rescue the Christians held there as

slaves, and each time they had met failure, starvation and persecution. Not one blow was struck for the direct deliverance of Jerusalem, although the Fifth Crusade did have an importance all its own. Constantinople was captured, thus opening the door to the East which resulted in commercial prosperity for Western Europe, and enabled it to catch a glimpse of the wealth of literature and art which was stored within the city's walls.

Then, while Pope Innocent struggled to arouse Europe to undertake a Sixth Crusade, his call was answered, not by knights as in the early days of the Holy Wars, but by a movement apparent among the children of many countries.

Stephen of Cloys, a humble peasant lad, was one day watching his sheep peacefully nibbling in their pastures. He left them for a time to go to a nearby town to watch a procession. His trip, simple enough and innocently taken, was so far-reaching in its results that it cannot well be passed by. It was the celebration of Saint Mark's Day. A procession of priests wound its way in and out amongst the narrow streets singing doleful chants of the sufferings of Jerusalem.

Stephen listened to the mournful tales of Christians in chains toiling as slaves for heathen masters, and for days afterwards, his heart was filled with sympathy for the suffering people. He tended his sheep as usual, but he could not bring

his thoughts away from the cruel Mohammedans.

One day he rushed into his father's hut after bringing home his sheep and exclaimed, "Father, I have seen an angel! Mother, I have seen an angel! He was dressed in a long black cloak. At first I thought he was a pilgrim. He asked me for a morsel of bread and then sat on the ground to eat it. He told me that he was sent to make me leader of a crusade, and that I was to lead the children of France to rescue Jerusalem!"

"Nonsense," said his father. "How can you, a mere child, expect to accomplish the task which warriors and knights have tried and failed?"

"I am to go, father," the brave little lad replied. "I shall show you how valiant a child can be."

So saying, Stephen set about to band his playmates together. He seemed to possess a magic power over them. He went from village to village calling for followers. At the sound of his clear, young voice, children stopped their play to harken to his pleadings. Grown people too, crowded about to listen to the ragged little shepherd boy. Thousands of children answered the call and received the cross from his hands.

Some of them thought it would be a wonderful trip of adventure, others were tired of their tasks at home and were glad enough to find something which suggested diversion.

They started out upon their journey from the city of Vendome in France. Thirty thousand children, most all of them under twelve years of age, some scarcely able to toddle, set upon their mission with songs and merry cries.

For days they traveled over pathways lined with sharp stones that cut their aching, tired little feet. Their food gave out and they were forced to beg in every town through which they passed. Many of the weary, limping little tots turned back homeward. Jerusalem was much farther away than they had anticipated. Every time they saw a city in the distance, they would shout, "Surely, that must be Jerusalem!" But each time were they disappointed.

Finally, the few hundred of the thirty thousand who survived the tedious journey, arrived at the city of Marseilles, and for the first time, caught a glimpse of the sea.

The cool, clear expanse of blue freshened their tired little hearts, and made them resolve anew that they would travel on until their mission was fulfilled.

They thought surely the ocean would be cleft asunder by a miracle and a pathway opened to Jerusalem. They waited for days, but the pathway did not appear. Then they prayed that a boat might take them to the Holy Land. Finally, two merchant-men offered them passage on their ships.

William Tell

AT the beginning of the fourteenth century the people of Switzerland were not as happy as they are today.

Gessler its governor was base and brutal. His hatred and contempt for the peasant was shown in every form of despotism his mean heart could devise. He seized their property, built castles with dungeons in which his subjects were imprisoned, and even ordered their eyes put out if they refused to obey his commands.

The brave and fearless Swiss resented the tyrannical power of their governor. Rebellion was planned in secret. The down-trodden peasants resolved to make an assault against the nobles on New Year's Eve in the year 1308.

Gessler grew suspicious. He looked about for some new way in which to force the people to recognize his power.

In the city of Altorf he ordered a pole placed which was to be surmounted with his cap. He commanded that all should bow before the symbol of imperial rule.

One day William Tell and his little son came to

Altorf. Tell was straight and tall, his eyes clear and honest. He was known country-wide for his excellent aim as a marksman. He noticed the handsome embroidered cap stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers and people bowed their heads and bent their knees in respectful silence as they passed it. Tell watched the scene with a look of contempt. The captain of the guard observed that the newcomer did not bow his head.

"Why do you neglect to pay obedience to orders of Herman Gessler?" he asked.

"I see no reason why I should bow to a hat, or even to the one who owns it," Tell answered.

The guard was furious. He ordered Tell seized and bound. The people heard the enraged voice of the guard and gathered around. The guards called, "Revolt! Rebellion! Treason! Help!"

Gessler, who heard the uproar, rushed to support the guards.

"Why dost thou hold the man prisoner?" he asked.

"I seized this man for refusing to salute that hat," answered the guard. "I was preparing to take him to prison when the populace tried to take him by force."

Gessler frowned at the man who had dared to disobey him. He recognized Tell as the famous

marksman. At once he thought of a punishment for him.

"Thou boasteth," said he, "of thy steady eye and certain aim. Now shalt thou have a chance to prove thy skill."

Gessler then ordered that an apple be brought to him. With his own hands he placed it upon the head of William Tell's little son.

"Aim at the apple," commanded the governor.

"I would rather die a thousand deaths!" the father sorrowfully replied.

The tyrant was determined to carry out his sentence. "Thou who are so proud of thy unerring aim, shoot or die with thy son. Now is the time to prove thy skill."

The father and son were placed a hundred paces apart. Tell watched with a look of horror in his eyes. The people were breathless, awe-stricken. A deep silence fell upon everyone.

Gessler watched every motion. He saw Tell conceal an arrow under his vest. The father raised his bow. He aimed, shot, and the apple fell to the ground. Cheer upon cheer came from the crowd.

"That was a fine shot," said Gessler. "Right through the center, too. But why didst thou conceal a second arrow under thy vest? Speak the truth and thou shalt have thy life."

"That arrow was intended for thine own heart if I had killed my son," replied Tell.

The cruel tyrant was enraged. He ordered Tell to be bound in irons and taken to the prison fortress of Kussnacht. This castle lay on the opposite shore of Lake Lucerne. In Switzerland storms arise and abate very quickly on the lakes.

After Gessler and his men with William Tell on board were far out from shore, one of these storms arose. The man at the helm could not steer the boat through the wind, hail, and darkness.

Tell was as famous a sailor as he was a marksman. Gessler asked him if he could guide them through the storm. Tell answered in the affirmative.

He was then unbound and took his place at the helm. Under his steady guidance the vessel steadied itself. He succeeded in bringing it close to the shore. He knew of a place where it would be possible to land—where a bold desperate man might reach the shore. When he was close to it, he glanced around. He seized his bow and arrows which were lying in the boat. With a great leap he sprang ashore, and as he leaped he gave the boat a backward thrust which sent it out again into the stormy lake.

Tell decided to wait for Gessler in a defile in the mountains, for the storm abated after a time and he knew that Gessler would pursue him.

For a whole day he waited for the governor and his guards to pass. At last, toward nightfall, he heard the tramp of horses hoofs and the voice of Gessler speaking.

"I shall teach these miserable peasants to defy my word! I shall—"

An arrow pierced his heart, leaving his words unfinished.

His guards ran to his assistance. Tell, seeing a chance to escape, fled through the darkness and over the mountains.

The tyrant's death was a signal for a general uprising. The spirit of rebellion was aroused. On New Year's Eve, as had been planned, the noble's castles were successfully stormed. Tyranny was doomed.

Just as Washington is enshrined as the savior of his country in the hearts of Americans, so is William Tell regarded by the Swiss as their liberator.

Wallace and Bruce

SCOTLAND today is sister to England, holding her head as high, equally important in the realm. She is part of that union which makes the British Empire.

It was not always so. Less than six hundred years ago when that king of iron determination, Edward I, was ruler of England, the once haughty kingdom of Scotland was a subjugate nation. It did not submit tamely, nor did it stay long under subjugation. Its freedom was due to the glorious heroism and patriotism of William Wallace who gave his life after a brave attempt to set her free. Though he was unsuccessful, his spirit lived after him, for Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, met and defeated the English under Edward the Second, son of Edward the First, at Bannockburn.

Wallace's hatred of the English brought him early into outlawry. A price was set upon his head but he escaped from Ayr where he had lived. Later he married and lived peaceably for a little while at Lanark.

But Scotland's plight, the insolence of the English irked and distressed him. Then too, his own proud spirit would not permit him to accept their

rule. But it was an encounter with an Englishman who insolently accosted him one day and demanded that he make way for him that flamed him to action.

A fierce quarrel followed and the impetuous Wallace drawing sword killed the Englishman. He was surrounded in his house by English soldiers intent on revenging the killing of their countryman. Wallace managed to escape to the Cortland, a secure hiding place nearby.

The English revenged themselves on his home, setting it on fire. Not satisfied with this, they cruelly murdered his wife and servants.

Wallace swore a great oath of vengeance. His daring and ceaseless depredations made his name feared by the English in that section of the country. Loyal Scots flocked to him and soon he had a large band of fearless men under him.

He daringly planned and executed an attack against the castle at Lanark. The Scots captured not only the castle but Hazelrigg, the governor. It was he who had ordered the murder of the wife of Wallace. The murderer paid with his life for his cruelty.

More men joined the standard of Wallace. The governor at Ayr, fearing the spread of the rebellion and thinking to overcome it by treachery announced that he would hold a general hearing where all the dissatisfied Scots could voice their

complaints and justice be given them. His words were fair and conciliatory and many of Scotland's men were convinced that here was an opportunity to right their wrongs.

But their faith brought death to them. The treacherous governor ordered two halters with nooses hung from the beams to the great hall in which the hearing was to be held. He ordered the Scots sent in two at a time. So, foully, the dastard governor watched these helpless men, who believed in him and his word, die.

Retribution came swiftly, terribly. It is hard to blame the outraged Wallace and his men. A woman marked each house belonging to an Englishman in Ayr, with white chalk. That night while the unsuspecting English were carousing in celebration of the success of their treachery, Wallace's men came into the town. They secured all the doors and exits with ropes, then set fire to every home belonging to an Englishman. There was no way for escape because of the earlier precaution of securing the exits. How many perished will never be known.

The foul treachery of the English governor and Wallace's successful retribution brought more volunteers to the standard of Wallace and he began to hope that he would be able to liberate his beloved land from the hated yoke.

His band had grown into an army. His success-

ful operations against the English now began to spread over all of Scotland. England began to fear the possible success of this man.

An English army under the command of the Earl of Surrey was ordered against him. Wallace, confident, set out to meet it. The battle that followed was at Stirling, south of the Forth.

Surrey's men outnumbered the Scots. But both the position and the purpose of Wallace and his men offset the greater number of the enemy. Their impetuous charge after driving the attacking English from a bridge which they had attempted to capture turned the tide of battle. Wallace's men seeing the wavering Englishmen charged again. The English began to retreat, the orderly retreat turned to panic. The success of the Scots was complete.

But now Edward, king of England, who was in Flanders, began to hear that Scotland which he thought safely subdued was in arms and in fair position to win its freedom.

He returned immediately and began to prepare a large army to overcome the rebellion. On the other hand, Wallace's position was not now as secure as it had been. His rapid rise had brought envy and plotting on the part of some of the nobles who viewed with disapproval the power that was now his.

Edward made a quick advance. In numbers and equipment the Scots compared but pitifully with their foe. This small number was further depleted by desertions.

The armies met at Falkirk. The conquest was indeed unequal. England's mighty army was not to be opposed by the Scotch. The defeat was decisive. Wallace with a small number, however, managed to escape.

It was not Edward's intention to let Wallace escape. He was not content, even though Scotland again seemed well under his thumb.

But Wallace managed to elude the English, although a fabulous price was set upon his head. The loyal few who stayed with him made their presence felt now here, now there.

But a Scotchman turned traitor at last. It was Sir John Monteith, through whom Wallace was at last captured. We will not dwell upon his sad fate. He was taken to the tower, there he was executed, drawn and quartered. But no finer example of true patriotism, finer courage, has lived and Scotland has need to be proud of him.

His example lived on. Scotland would not stay under yoke. Edward the First died, there came his son Edward the Second, who was much unlike his father. Where the father was grim, of iron determination and resistless energy, the son was an idler who loved his ease.

It was in his days that the second of Scotland's great heroes, with the fine example of Wallace's devotion before him, made his successful struggle against English tyranny and cruelty. Possibly he was the ablest general of his days. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, succeeded where Wallace failed yet it is questionable whether his success would have come were it not for the earlier man's attempt. For one thing it taught the Scotch the need for unity, the need of loyalty to their leader.

Bruce had behind him a united Scotland. His early successes brought no action from the indolent Edward, who hated war. Bruce grew bolder until it seemed as if the Scotch were to regain their land without any great opposition from the English king.

This was not to be, however, despite the lack of inclination on the part of the second Edward. The nobility, the men who had fought under his father grew loud in their disapproval of his indolence.

The governor of Sterling, Mowbray, at this time sent word that if no succor came before midsummer, it would be necessary to turn over the city and castle to Bruce.

The king, even if inclined to pay no heed to this call for help, was not permitted to do so. A mighty army of more than a hundred thousand men, the largest army ever gathered up to that time in England, was prepared and it marched upon Scotland

under the languid Edward. Its numbers alone were enough to frighten even a stout heart.

There followed the famous battle of Bannockburn. England, it would seem, by very numbers, should have swept its small sized enemy before it. But the very numbers of the English was a hindrance. They were in each other's way, they could not move forward to attack without being retarded by very numbers. The Scotch took full advantage of their clumsiness.

It was an inglorious defeat for the English. Edward had to flee and was in grave danger of capture. The victorious Scotch showed a fine and splendid bravery and it was the great Bruce who set the inspiring example.

The hated yoke of England was no more. In later years England and Scotland united, both were equal. Now, when Scot fights alongside of the Englishman, it is the courage and devotion of Wallace and Bruce which inspire him. It is upon them he calls.

Dick Whittington and His Cat

MANY, many years ago while King Edward III was reigning in England, there lived a little boy named Richard Whittington, but everyone called him Dick. Now Dick's father and mother died when he was very young, and as Dick was not old enough to work he was left homeless and ragged, running about a country village. Although all the people in the village were poor, they did all they could to clothe and feed poor Dick.

Dick was a very quiet little boy, but he was also very sharp. He liked to listen to what everybody talked about and in this way he came to learn many strange things about the great city of London. One day when he was leaning against a sign-post a large wagon drawn by eight horses passed through the village. Dick thought that surely the driver must be on his way to London so he asked if he might walk along beside the wagon. When the driver saw how ragged Dick was, he knew that he could be no worse off in London, so he consented and invited the boy to ride with him.

The ride to London was very long, but when Dick finally got there, he left the driver and ran off in search of the streets which he expected to find

paved with gold, thinking that he could pick up the coins and buy anything he wished.

Poor little Dick ran until it grew dark, and being very tired, he threw himself down on a door-step and fell asleep. Now Dick happened to be sleeping at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a very rich merchant. When the cook found him lying there, she scolded him severely. Before she had a chance to send him away, however, Mr. Fitzwarren came to the door.

"Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work."

"If I could find something to do, I should be glad to work," replied Dick, and being very weak for want of food, he was obliged to lie down again.

Mr. Fitzwarren felt sorry for Dick so he allowed him to live with him. He was to run errands, pare the vegetables, and scour the kettles for the cook.

The cook was mean and cross to Dick, scolding and beating him all day long. Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, Alice, noticed how cruel the cook was to the boy and she threatened to have her father discharge her if she did not treat him better.

The cook made Dick sleep in the garret where there were many rats and mice. Poor Dick could hardly sleep because of them. One day a gentleman gave him a penny for polishing his shoes and with this penny Dick purchased a cat from a little

girl whom he happened to meet while on an errand for the cook. The little girl told Dick that the cat was a very good mouser, so Dick kept it in the garret. The cat soon freed the garret of mice, and Dick was able to sleep soundly every night.

Dick's master filled his ships with all kinds of curios and merchandise and then sent them to foreign countries. He always allowed his servants to send everything they wished. All of the servants but Dick had something to send. Alice, the merchant's young and pretty daughter offered to give Dick some of her trinkets to send, but Mr. Fitzwarren said that which he sent must be his own. Dick having nothing but his cat, sent that.

The cook laughed at Dick for sending his cat to sea. It would not sell, she said, for enough to buy a stick to beat him with.

There came a time when Dick could bear her ill-usage no longer. He then packed his things on All-Hallow's Day, the first of November, and ran away. He walked as far as Halloway and there sat down on a stone to decide which road to take. This stone is today called Whittington's stone. As he sat there thinking, the big bells of Bow church began to chime, and thrice Dick thought he heard them say,

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!"

This made Dick decide to return to London, for it was only the cook who treated him badly, and he made up his mind that he could stand her scoldings if some day he was to be Lord Mayor of London.

Dick returned, being lucky enough to get back to work before the cook noticed he had gone.

The merchant's ship with Dick's cat on board was a long time at sea, but finally it arrived at the land of the Blackamoors. The captain sent a few presents to the king and queen who were so delighted with them that they invited him to dine at the king's castle.

The magnificent dining-hall was studded with jewels and it was here the king and queen greeted the captain. When the rare dishes were brought in and placed on the table, a host of rats and mice ran out, pounced upon the feast, scattering meat and gravy all about the room. The captain said that he had a creature on board his ship which would rid the palace of rats and mice. The king was overjoyed, saying he would give half his wealth to be rid of the pests.

The captain ran to the ship and carried puss to the king and queen. When the second dinner was placed upon the table, the rats again ran out, but before they could do any damage, the cat jumped into their midst, killing a vast number of them, while the rest scampered away to their holes. The

king was ready to jump for joy. He gave the captain a ship full of gold in exchange for the cat.

The captain now hurried back to London to tell Dick Whittington of the good fortune his cat had brought him.

Dick would not go down to the parlor for his clothes and hands were soiled from scouring kettles. The captain sent for Dick and ordered a chair set for him. He called him, "Mr. Whittington." When he presented Dick with his treasure, Dick was dumbfounded and so glad that he hardly knew what to do.

The boy was too unselfish to keep it all for himself. He gave the captain and all of the servants, including the cross old cook, wonderful gifts. He had the tailor make him a fine suit of clothes. In these he was as handsome as any young man who had ever visited Mr. Fitzwarren. Miss Alice could not help admiring Dick, and because she had always been so kind to him, Dick grew to love her very much. They were married some time later.

Richard Whittington gave much of his wealth to charity, building churches, schools, and hospitals. He was made sheriff of London, and after that, Lord Mayor three times.

Bow Bells had spoken the truth when he heard the chime:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

Cortez in Mexico

IN swift succession to each other, men of Spain went forth to gather the wealth of the new world. The discovery of Columbus and the stories of fabulous wealth, to be had for the asking, flamed the desires and the greed of these lustful men.

Balboa, Magellan, De Leon, De Soto, Vasquez, Pizzaro and Cortez are but a few of the gallant spirits who went forth on these wondrous alluring missions. Brave men were they all, though ruthlessness and cruelty marked their course.

There have been few figures so romantic as Cortez. His dreams were of empires, his daring and determination ran the same strong current.

In 1519, just a little more than four hundred years ago, Cortez set out from Cuba with a little more than six hundred men and ten cannon. Eleven ships carried them. The governor of Cuba, Velasquez by name, had given his permission and had also given such aid as he could.

Cortez was then thirty-four years old. With bold and characteristic energy he lost no time. He reached Yucatan, then went further north to the wonderful land about which he had heard so

much; the indomitable energy of the man carried the small band until it finally arrived at Vera Cruz, a little more than two hundred miles from the City of Mexico.

All had not gone well with these explorers and there were many among the men who were for returning to Cuba. Ahead of them was uncertainty, a strange country that held much mystery and about which they had dark forebodings.

But Cortez knew no retreat. He felt the restlessness of his men and he determined on a bold stroke. He burned the ships that had carried them across the sea.

There was nothing left then for the men to do but to advance.

In the meantime the Indians, uncertain of the strangers, awed by the cannon, horses and armor of the men, as well as their white skins knew not what to do. The luck of Cortez, that luck that serves the bold and the adventurous, stood him in good stead at this time.

Among the Indians, particularly among the Aztecs, there was a legend handed down by generation to generation. The legend had become a part of their religion.

They had two gods, the fair god and the dark god. The dark god demanded sacrifices and these sacrifices must need be of human flesh. More and

more he demanded as he grew stronger and stronger. Wars were made and fought so the dark god could be appeased.

The fair god had been subdued long before. But the legend held that some day he would come back and he would come from the east. So then, there were many now ready to declare, were not these fair skinned men, the long expected god and his men?

Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, the rich, powerful, half civilized people who ruled much of Mexico, had received word of these fair skinned people who were in the east. He sent greetings to them, rich presents of gold went with the greetings. There also went with the emissaries, a half plea, half warning, not to attempt to reach the capital of the Aztecs.

But the presents of gold fired the greed of the Spaniards who were seeking such riches and who had had but little success up to then. The cunning Cortez who had defeated the Tlaxcalans and had made them willing vassals, set forth to the land of the Aztecs accompanied by these subjugated natives.

No set plan was his. Montezuma, uncertain, half believing in the possibility of these strangers being gods, met them before the gates of the city of Mexico with more gifts. The eager Cortez, seeing the bridges down passed quickly over one of

them and into the heart of the city. Come what may, he made no count of consequences nor did he hesitate when he saw his opportunity to make entry into the city.

Montezuma, no less uncertain, presented the newcomers with a great castle and this Cortez fortified, planting his guns and placing his guards all about.

It did not take many days for the Aztecs to realize that these strange men were not gods. On the other hand the ruthless Spaniards gave many causes for offense. It was Cortez who realized the growing danger. The man again acted quickly. He made a prisoner of Montezuma. It left the Aztecs helpless for their law did not permit them to declare war, it was for the king to do that. To make his own and his men's safety doubly sure, Cortez ordered that the arms of the Aztecs be collected and burned.

But trouble was brewing elsewhere for him. Velasquez, long his friend had turned against him. The king of Spain was displeased, too. Cortez, with a deep hatred against the men who were plotting against him returned to Vera Cruz. Three hundred men went with him.

He found a force of men there, sent by Velasquez to attack him. Not waiting for them to act, he quickly attacked instead and defeated them. Then he returned to Mexico City.

He found a sorry situation there. Alvarado, who had been left in charge was besieged by the enraged Aztecs. A number of Spaniards had stupidly attacked some Aztecs while in the midst of a sacred dance. It was the last straw.

Cortez sent forth the brother of Montezuma to secure supplies for the Spaniards. His action proved his temporary undoing. For with Montezuma's brother among them, the Aztecs deposed Montezuma and made his brother king. The new king immediately attacked the invaders.

The men of Spain were in sad straits. But Cortez never weakened.

Most men would have succumbed to the illfortune that followed. But this man's resolution never wavered. He returned to Vera Cruz. Soon after he gathered a new company of brave, if greedy souls. The Tlaxcalans remained loyal to him. Again he set forth to conquer the land of the Aztecs. This time his victory was complete. Mexico became a rich province of Spain and remained such for about three hundred years.

Cortez remained in the new world for many years ruling with a hand of iron. Then he returned to his beloved Spain where old age overcame him. The man who had never acknowledged defeat succumbed in the early forties of the sixteenth century to the one certain victor—Death.

Joan of Arc

IN the fifteenth century France was torn asunder by invasion as well as by internal strife. The death of King Charles VI left the throne in the hands of the Dauphin, Charles, a boy of fourteen. He had no initiative, no will to do the right thing. The young king hated the sight of battle-fields; he loved instead ease and luxury. With a sovereign such as this, incapable of inspiring loyal devotion into his people; an army, ill-trained, and disheartened; a foreign invader threatening the city of Orleans, the key to the south, France seemed certain to fall into the foeman's hands.

But there flashed upon the curtain of history, a striking marvel. A figure that dominated the century in which she lived as completely as Napoleon Bonaparte dominated the early part of the nineteenth. Jeanne d' Arc, born of simple parentage in the peasant village of Domremy, accomplished the task of saving her country from complete foreign domination, but she was called upon to die in the effort.

She heard that the English were in France besieging the city of Orleans. The Dauphin could not go to Rheims to be crowned because the English held that place.

Jeanne listened to these rumors with a heavy heart. Ill indeed seemed the outlook for her country. She sat in her father's garden one hot summer day brooding over her needle work. Would that someone would come to free her country from the oppressor! Then dreamily, she lifted her eyes from her work. What was that bright beam of light? Suddenly a mysterious Voice spoke to the frightened little maid.

"Be good, little Jeanne," it said. "Go often to church. Your life will be changed. The King of Heaven has called upon you to do marvelous deeds for France. You must aid the king, wear man's clothes, be a captain in the war. All will follow to your commands."

Often did the strange light appear, the voices spoke again and again. The little maid was sad in thought for she was ignorant of a way in which she could fulfill the call. As time passed on, however, she became more and more determined, her vision of the duty to be performed became clearer and she resolved to obey the plea.

She put on man's clothing, cut off her long, black hair and rode bravely off to the French court. Here she was asked: "Who art thou? Why dost thou come?"

"I am Jeanne d' Arc come to relieve Orleans and to cause the King to be crowned at Rheims."

The nobles jeered at her with laughter and scorn.

But in the end her sweetness and gentle manner prevailed, and she was led into the presence of the coming king. The Dauphin, wishing to test her, dressed in ordinary clothes and slipped in amongst his courtiers. Jeanne stood in the great doorway looking quietly from one to another. Her straight, fearless gaze finally rested upon the Dauphin. Going up to him, she knelt before him, saying, "I am Jeanne, sent by the King of Heaven to succor your kingdom, and to conduct you to Rheims to be crowned."

Her simple words, earnestly spoken, aroused the Dauphin's confidence. He gave her a big horse and white armor. Jeanne was granted her request—she was to relieve Orleans.

When the English stormed the city she galloped forth into the midst of the battle. It was her first actual fight. Though brave, she sickened at sight of the wounded.

"I have never seen the blood of a Frenchman flow without feeling my heart stand still!" she cried.

For three hours the fight lasted. All the while this child of seventeen rode in the forefront, in the midst of a hail of arrows and cannon balls, cheering on her men.

"In God's name, forward! Forward boldly!" she cried. Her followers now believed that she was made of more than mortal stuff. Although she

was wounded by an arrow which pierced her shoulder, she was always at the front. Under her constant leadership in less than a week this country maiden accomplished the task which had baffled the wisest soldiers of France. She had wrecked the English hopes of taking Orleans, and they turned their backs forever upon the city.

But Jeanne did not stay to enjoy her triumph. Only part of her task had she accomplished. The Dauphin must still be crowned at Rheims.

With her soldiers she set out for the city. One obstacle prevented their advance. The English held the city of Troyes. After six days of fighting, Troyes was won. The last difficulty was surmounted and the army marched safely on to Rheims.

Jeanne had fulfilled the task allotted to her. Orleans was relieved and the Dauphin crowned. But now, a cloud began to creep over her which grew darker and darker as the months passed by.

The indolent Dauphin forgot all that Jeanne had done for him and France and began to believe the idle tales of her witchery as told by the nobles. Jeanne was captured by the English in battle, but the ungrateful Charles did not attempt to ransom her. She was imprisoned in the tower of Beaurevoir.

But Jeanne did not like her state of captivity. She decided to leap from the tower even though

it might mean death. "I would rather die than be in English hands," she thought, and leap she certainly did. She was picked up stunned and bleeding, but with bones unbroken.

On February 21st, 1431, Jeanne was tried in the chapel of Rouen Castle. After a tedious examination an indictment was drawn up against the maid. Her unjust judges concluded that the "Visions and Voices were either human inventions or the work of devils." She was convicted as a heretic and condemned to be burned at the stake.

On the morning set aside for her death, the brutal English led her to the Market-Place. She was bound to the stake before multitudes. Some laughed and jeered, others looked at her with pity. The flames shot up, the thick black smoke curled about her sweet, upturned face. Then her voice rang out sweet and clear, "My Voices were of God! They have not deceived me!" And with that cry, the soul of Jeanne d' Arc passed to the Land from whence the Voices had come.

Sir Walter Raleigh

DOWN in the southern part of England near the ocean and on the shores of the Otter River, was born the famous Sir Walter Raleigh. Perhaps the voyages and discoveries which he made later in life were due largely to his early boyhood. Much of his time was spent at the seashore. Here he heard the sailors tell of their adventures at sea, of shipwrecks and battles. They talked, too, of the wonderful lands that had been discovered in the New World.

As a boy, Raleigh listened to their tales with intense interest. His boyish fancy was fired by the sailor's enthusiasm. He wished that he, too, might some day take trips on the ocean, make discoveries like Columbus, explore like Cortez and Pizarro, or take a trip around the world like Magellan.

When still an impetuous boy of fifteen, Raleigh left his home in southern England to attend Oxford. His college days were full of live, human interest. He won friends everywhere, excelled in sports and studies, and was looked upon as a favorite by his companions.

While still at college, war broke out in France. The Catholic King Charles IX began to persecute

the Hugenots or Protestants. England, a Protestant country itself, sympathized with the co-religionists and went to their assistance. Raleigh and his cousin joined a company of one hundred men and set out for France. Here he gained a knowledge of the science of military life, won laurels for his bravery, and returned to England after six years of gallant service.

He won laurels also in the brief war which the Spaniards waged against Holland. He was called upon to take part in putting down a rebellion in Ireland. Although his sympathies were with the poor people who struggled for their liberty, he cast aside his scruples and threw himself into the conflict with all the energy his military career had granted him. His deeds were so singularly fearless that all England sounded his praise. The queen heard of the bravery of Sir Walter Raleigh and requested that he visit her court.

It happened that Raleigh, together with nobles, statesmen, courtiers and beautiful young ladies were gathered about the palace grounds. The leaves on the trees were dripping, the grass was wet, and puddles of water were much in evidence due to a recent rain. Then suddenly the trumpets sounded and set up a lively strain of sweet music. The palace doors opened. Down the broad steps came the queen, Elizabeth. She was about to take a walk in the park. She paused, however, before a muddy spot in the path, looked down at her dainty

boots seeming to wonder how she could step across. Then a scarlet cloak was thrown over the path. Who was the gallant gentleman who had thus sacrificed his handsome cloak that the queen might not soil her slippers? She smiled a look of gratitude at the chivalrous noble, recognized him as Sir Walter Raleigh and kept him at her side during the rest of the walk.

It was the queen's custom to have favorites at her court to whom she gave offices and numerous estates of land. After the episode of the cloak, Raleigh became the chief of these. She was fond of handsome, witty and eloquent young men.

Through her influence Raleigh became one of the most influential men of the realm. She granted him large estates of land in both England and Ireland. His fortune and fame increased. Then, too, the queen granted him the right to plant colonies in any region in the new world which was not already occupied, and to have the right to govern such colonies.

Raleigh sent out two vessels which reached the American coast just north of the Carolinas. The colonists took possession of the land in the name of the virgin queen, calling it "Virginia" after her. Their supply of food gave out, however, and they were forced to return to their native land. They brought back wonderful tales of the balmy atmosphere, the abundance of delicious fruits and fish, and the friendliness of the Indians.

Sir Walter Raleigh was determined that a colony should be planted in Virginia. Accordingly, in the year 1585, he fitted out a fleet of seven vessels. This time the company went to Roanoke, Virginia, with Ralph Lane as their governor. The Indians thought the white men were gods. They feared them and wished to be rid of them. Their attitude became quite hostile. The colonists' supplies ran out and they were nearing the point of starvation. Raleigh had promised to send a ship with supplies but it had not come. The future began to look very gloomy to the discouraged settlers. Then a happy accident occurred.

A fleet of twenty-three ships loomed over the horizon. The hearts of the settlers were cheered at sight of them. They were not ships sent from England, however. The fleet belonged to Sir Francis Drake who was returning from a sea voyage. The colonists urged Drake to leave three ships with them. After Drake's fleet left, the colonists hurried into the three remaining vessels and set sail for England.

Raleigh, still bent upon colonization, sent out a company of one hundred and fifty men in 1587. His attention was distracted, however, by difficulties with Spain. England feared that the enemy would invade the country. The gigantic Spanish fleet upon which Spain had expended vast wealth was called "The Invincible Armada." The English ships, although fewer in number, succeeded in

bringing the enemy's fleet to a sad end. But that is another story.

The colonists brought to England from the new world two products, potatoes and tobacco. Raleigh had his jeweler make him a silver pipe fashioned after the rude clay pipes which the Indians used. One day his servant was bringing in ale for his master when Raleigh blew out a cloud of smoke which curled gracefully about his head. The servant thought that surely his master was on fire and threw the ale full in Raleigh's face.

Queen Elizabeth heard of this incident and invited Raleigh to smoke at her court. She enjoyed seeing him puff out clouds of smoke and it is said she tried the pipe herself, but that she became quite ill, contenting herself thereafter, with merely watching.

The Spanish Armada

SPAIN was the most powerful monarchy of Europe in the sixteenth century. Her pre-eminence was the result of successful conquest, exploration and discovery.

As a result of the plunders of her sea-farers, Spain grew rich and powerful. Her commerce became the richest in the world.

But glory cannot last forever. As soon as the vain, bigoted, ambitious Philip II ascended the Spanish throne, all this show of superiority vanished. It was his desire to extend the Spanish power and to force a universal acceptance of his religious creed. He did not hesitate to employ unscrupulous means to gain these objects. His people were tortured and persecuted. The victims of the stake could be counted by thousands. He succeeded in stamping out so called heresy and putting a ban on freedom of thought, but in doing so, he checked the intellectual progress of his country.

In England, which was then Spain's most powerful rival, Protestantism had gained a firm foothold. When Elizabeth came to the throne, Philip II offered her his hand in marriage which the queen stoutly refused. In addition to this insult, Eliza-

beth aided the Netherlands in their rebellion against Spain. She sent fleets to plunder his colonies in America, and besides, most of her people were enemies of the church of which Philip was a zealous supporter.

Revenge burned in the heart of the Spanish sovereign. "My armies have captured Portugal," he declared, "they can subdue England, as well. She cannot stand before their might. The fleet which I shall build will overwhelm the inferior English ships which she may collect to defend her shores. The impudent heretics shall be punished severely. Elizabeth shall pay well for the insult she offered me. I will not be baffled by a mere woman."

The boasts of the Spanish king reached the ears of Elizabeth. She realized the danger which threatened her country in case her rival's extensive military and naval preparations materialized. She sent Sir Francis Drake with a fleet to the coast of Spain to interrupt his plans. Drake was the man for the work. He obtained information as to where the Spanish fleet was situated and succeeded in destroying a host of the enemy's ships. The attack against England was thus delayed for another year.

In 1588 the "Invincible Armada" as the Spanish fleet was called, sailed forth on its mission of destruction. The ships, one hundred and fifty in number, carried three thousand guns, thirty thou-

sand men, and provisions enough to last for half a year. Apprehension prevailed in the hearts of all Protestant Europe. What could England do with a fleet whose strength in tonnage, and number of guns and men was equal to only half the strength of her rival!

Thus far, all had gone well for Spain. Now, affairs assumed a new aspect. At the time fixed for the sailing of the fleet the admiral was taken violently ill and died. His death was succeeded by that of the vice-admiral. Philip realized that no time could be wasted. He chose Duke Medina Sidonia, a nobleman wholly ignorant of sea affairs, as the new admiral.

Lord Howard, the English admiral, was a daring mariner long experienced in the art of sea plunder. News that the Spanish Armada was upon the seas spread like wild-fire throughout England.

The enemy's ships sailed triumphantly up the channel. It was their purpose to disperse the Dutch and English ships here and escort their land forces which were encamped on the Netherland Coast, to England.

Lord Howard deemed it wise to pursue a guerilla method of warfare, harrass the Spanish ships and take whatever advantage opportunity might offer. The Spaniards, wholly ignorant of marine warfare, knew not how to meet the swift attacks of their adversaries. The light English ships sailed

around the heavy Spanish men-of-war with a swiftness which none of Philip's ships could equal. The English were much better marksmen, nearly every shot told. The Spanish fired high, most of their shots being wasted in the air.

Finally, a calm settled over the water and the ships remained motionless for a whole day. Toward midnight a breeze arose, advantageous to the English. A new idea struck the English admiral. He set eight of his vessels afire. Loaded them with pitch, sulphur, and other combustibles, these the wind carried into the midst of the Spanish fleet. The Spanish sailors were terror-stricken. What havoc the ships of fire created! Lord Howard viewed the scene with a smile.

The superior tactics of the light English ships obtained the advantage of the wind, and after cannonading their enemies, could easily escape and avoid the tremendous discharge of the Spanish ordnance. Even the swiftest of the Spanish ships could not touch them.

Meanwhile, the Dutch, who were also struggling against the established church, wished to repay Queen Elizabeth for the help she offered when the hated Spaniards were plundering their cities. The fleets of Holland patiently blockaded every possible chance of the Spanish land force crossing the channel.

The English persisted in their attempts to con-

fuse the enemy ships. On the last day of the fight from eight o'clock in the morning until sunset, they fired without intermission. They ceased only when the last cartridge was gone. They had been ordered to sink and destroy. Their orders were carried out to the last detail. On board the Spanish ships, despair reigned.

As soon as the damaged vessels found opportunity, they were off in flight. However they were built to sail only before the wind. Now it was blowing a strong gale from the south and the vessels were carried northward. For several days they were driven about by the fury of the tempest. Many were dashed to pieces upon the rocks and reefs of Ireland. Of one hundred and fifty ships which had sailed forth amidst triumphal shouts and loud music, only fifty-three battered and useless hulks returned to Spain.

John Smith and Pocahontas

HISTORY tells us of the numerous attempts to settle a colony in Virginia late in the sixteenth century; of the ill-fortune, discouragements, failures, and hardships which the would-be colonists experienced, and finally, of the successful establishment of the colony called Jamestown.

Although the historical facts are interesting, they will be used here only as a background to develop the story of the man whom we wish to emphasize in this connection. His name is John Smith.

He became the leader of the small band of settlers after most of the colonists had become disheartened because of lack of food and hostilities of the Indians. As governor, he succeeded in bringing prosperity and peace to the tired, rebellious, little company, restoring its spirits and energy, so that by the time winter was over, the men were ready to go on with their explorations.

Smith loved adventure. As soon as he could with safety leave the colonists, he set out with two Englishmen and two Indian guides to explore the wilderness about them. By canoe they ascended a branch of the James River.

The party had made but little headway when it was attacked by two hundred Indians. Smith's comrades were slain and he was captured.

Smith, too, might have been slain had the curiosity of his captors not been aroused. His quick wits prompted him at the critical moment to take out his ivory compass and display it. The Indians could plainly see the quivering needle through the glass, but, strange to them, they could not feel it when they touched it. Instead of killing their captive, they marveled at him and proceeded to exhibit him among the tribes.

Taken from place to place, Smith aroused the respect and awe of the natives wherever he went, and they regarded him more and more a wizard.

The Indians allowed him to write a letter which they carried to Jamestown. The fact that he could impress his thoughts upon paper and send them far away was clearly a proof to them of his superiority.

Finally, our hero was brought before the great chieftain, Powhatan. Powhatan received him in his long wigwam. Wrapped in raccoon skins, he sat before the fire-place. Beside him sat a row of women with their faces and shoulders painted a bright red. These were his young squaws.

Powhatan decided that Smith was an enemy. Two huge stones were brought out and placed

before the chief, who then ordered Smith to be brought hither and his head placed upon them.

The warriors raised their clubs ready to beat out the brains of their victim at word from the king. Then a strange thing happened.

The chief's young daughter, Pocahontas, touched with sympathy and pity, threw herself between Smith and the Indians, placed her head upon his to protect him, and begged her father that his life be spared.

Now Powhatan was very proud and fond of the beautiful Indian princess. His hard heart was much moved by his daughter's entreaty and he allowed Smith to live. Set free, Smith returned to Jamestown.

He found the colony in want of provisions and its number reduced to forty. Smith's adventure with Powhatan proved of timely benefit. The Indians became quite friendly with the colonists, furnishing them with corn and game, so that they were able to exist for a long time. Pocahontas and her companions made frequent visits at Jamestown, bringing gifts of food to ward off the famine.

By inspiring them with confidence and respect, Smith held the Indians in check. There came a time, however, when the natives grew jealous of the increasing number of white settlers.

Smith decided that the Indians must be forced

to give their corn. With a barge of armed men he visited Powhatan. While the Englishmen stood with guns cocked and loaded, a file of Indians carried corn and filled the barge.

Again Smith returned to Jamestown. He found that a new expedition had come over from England. The newcomers requested that Smith abdicate his post as governor, but the old colonists remained loyal to him.

Because of the unfriendliness and jealousy of the new company, Smith decided to found a new colony. He traveled again to the village of Powhatan. As a site for the colony, he selected a range of hills which could be easily protected and bought the land from the Indians.

On his way back to Jamestown, a bag of gunpowder in the boat exploded. Smith's wounds were considered serious. He returned to England where he could receive surgical care.

After Smith's departure, the Indians decided to cut off the white men at a single blow, but Pocahontas, ever loyal went at night in a driving storm to Jamestown, revealed the plot, and saved the colony.

Captain Argall, of the new colony lured Pocahontas aboard the ship to exchange her for captives held by the Indians. Argall demanded the whites as a ransom for Pocahontas. For three months the indignant Powhatan did not reply.

Meantime Pocahontas who was quick to learn, received religious instructions, became a Christian, and was baptized.

John Rolfe, an Englishman of royal blood, became interested in the charming Indian princess, won her affections, and married her.

Powhatan was delighted. The marriage conciliated him and his tribe, and Pocahontas accompanied her husband to England, never to return to her native land.

In England the Indian princess was presented at court. She was always respected and honored by persons of highest rank.

Smith heard that Pocahontas was in England. He called to see her. After she met him, life lost all attraction for her. Perhaps she never would have married Rolfe had she known that Smith was alive. Although only twenty-two years of age, she gradually lost her physical strength.

Thus it was, that the most romantic character of early American History, after linking together two continents, passed to the happy hunting-ground of her fore-fathers.

The Story of Peter the Great

RUSSIA will always be a land of extremes. For centuries its people seemed almost dormant. Other nations emerged, civilization a growing foundation, but Russia, phlegmatic and uncouth, seemed to advance but little. Before 1700, little is known of it, its semi-civilization and history is curtained by uncertainty and lack of facts.

There came to its throne, one Peter, son of the second wife of the Emperor Alexis. Although the emperor had two sons by his first marriage, Feodor and Ivan, both were weak and sickly. Feodor reigned but a short time and after his death, despite the machinations of a step-sister, Sophia, Peter became the Czar.

In that period in which his step brother Feodor ruled, Peter had lived on the outskirts of Moscow. He had not been guarded as carefully as most princes are, in fact he had been quite completely ignored. He made companions as he willed, he learned something of the lot of the common people, he grew to despise the fanciful dress and semi-barbarous conceptions of the nobility, he was most happy when he could labor, dress and be in the company of the lower classes.

He loved too, to associate with the foreign people in Moscow; from talks with them he grew in his desire to visit other lands. The wish was carried out soon. When he felt certain that his czardom was in safety he set forth.

Possibly the one thing that we have heard most often of Peter was his ambition to make Russia a seafaring nation. He spent many months at the shipyards of Holland and England learning everything he could of shipbuilding. He dressed as a common sailor and probably lived the life of one.

He was determined to make Russia a powerful nation. Most ruthlessly he commanded that women were to be treated as they were treated in the countries of western Europe; up to that time the women of Russia lived as they do in Turkey and oriental states. They were no longer to go about veiled. Men and women were to meet before being married, they had not hitherto. It cannot be denied that he was instrumental in making the lot of the women in Russia a happier one.

He cast longing eyes to the Baltic, for Russia at that time had no seaport on that sea, Sweden being in possession. The war that followed with Sweden, was disastrous for Russia at first, but victory came at last and with it the great ambition of Peter to have an outlet from the Baltics to the sea. Ships were built at once, trade with the western nations of Europe was his ambition.

Moscow burned down about this time and the despotic Peter decided that his capitol should be nearer the Baltic. He built the great city of Petersburg which has since become Petrograd. Brooking no opposition he overrode any wish of his court or of the nobility which favored Moscow; he commanded that they remove to the new city.

He invited trade there by large promises. The city seemed to form over night although actually many years and lives were spent in its building. It was a monument to the man's restless ambition and energy.

Altogether, the life of Peter the Great was one of constant adventure and deeds. He was ruthless and cruel but he sought to advance his country, to try to wipe out some of the years through which it had lagged. Russia, because of him, made a great step forward, a fact which may be viewed with some questioning in the light of events which took place during the Great War two hundred years later. But there can be no question as to the fact that his reign was a big forward movement for that strangest of strange countries.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

IN the town of Hamelin, which is near the beautiful city of Hanover on the banks of the river Weser, there is a long winding street which is known as the Pied Piper.

No one has ever been heard to laugh on this street, people who have been there, claim that the sun never seems to shine upon it; that only a shadow plays there, the shadow of a great sorrow, so it seems to them.

Be that as it may, the street memorializes a dire calamity that came to Hamelin many years ago, yes, more than five hundred of them. It came as a sharp thunderclap in the midst of general rejoicing, in fact it was the self-satisfaction and smugness due to this rejoicing, which was the cause of it all.

You have, I suppose, read Robert Browning's most delightful poem "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." You may know that last line of his.

"If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise."

There the street stands a warning that promises made should be kept.

Now then to our story.

Hamelin had been infested by rats. They were everywhere. Bold? They scurried or even sat still if they would, holding no fear of the town folks. They fought the cats and killed many, so numerous and strong were they. They even put the dogs to flight. Nor did they hesitate to attack human beings at their food.

The poor mayor! He had been so long in office without any serious worries, that he had grown lazy and sluggardly. He was a small, rotund, queer little figure who never seemed to cease at the puffing of his long pipe. But his was the rotundity of a stolid pig, it was not the genial, live and let live kind we like to think in connection with all fat, round little men.

But even so, one had need to be sorry for him at this time. He tried to think of the thing to be done, his officials also tried but were equally helpless. One suggested a large trap but when they stopped to think of the hundreds of thousands of rats that seemed to be there, the idea was vetoed as ridiculous.

It was at this very moment, while the officials tried so hard to think of what they should do, while an angry populace growled and waited with less and less patience, that there was a tap on the council door.

"Goodness me," said the mayor, "are the rats coming here, too?"

But when the tap was repeated, it was recognized for what it was.

"Come in," said the clerk.

A very strange figure entered. He wore a long coat which came from his head to his heels, half yellow, half red. A tall thin figure with bright, blue eyes, long loose hair, a long thin nose and chin. About his mouth, a smiling, cheerful spirit seemed at play.

The mayor and the council observed him as he advanced. He was so queer a figure, that they were lost in the possible purpose of his call. But soon enough he informed them, for when he reached the council-table, he spoke.

"Please, your honors," he said mildly, "I am able through certain charms I possess to draw all creatures living beneath the sun after me. I use my charm, chiefly, to draw only those creatures which are harmful to people."

"I am called the Pied Piper." He gave them a long account of what he had accomplished. As he told of how he had rescued the Cham of Tartary of gnats and the Nizam of Asia of locust, his fingers played about a pipe which hung from his neck as if impatient to be playing it.

"If I can rid your town of rats, would you pay me a thousand guilders?" he asked at the conclusion.

"A thousand? Even fifty," replied the mayor.

"Only rid us of them and you can have anything you wish."

The Piper said not another word. Out into the street he stepped and piped his tune. It was a weird, sweet note. No sooner did it reach the air, than there was a great rumbling, a muttering and grumbling, then,

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats."

All sorts and kinds of rats, came tumbling from everywhere. There seemed no end of them. The long, streaming line followed the piping, dancing figure of the piper down the long winding street until the river was reached. There without pause, into the river they went. It is said that of all the rats in Hamelin but one escaped.

The people who had watched with wide, popping eyes, set up a great and joyous shout as they saw this miracle. Not a rat was left anywhere in Hamelin.

"Quick," said the mayor most importantly, "cover every hole and home of rat or rats."

No one needed to be told to do that. But just as quickly they all assembled again congratulating the mayor and the council and rejoicing generally.

In the midst of this rejoicing the mayor suddenly saw the piper before him. It seemed that the official had almost forgotten him.

"My thousand guilders, please," said the Pied Piper.

The cunning eyes of the mayor seemed to mirror his thoughts. "A thousand guilders? What a lot of money. Too much for this shabby fellow."

"A thousand guilders? Are you crazy?" he asked. "Surely you must know that we spoke but in jest when we promised it to you. Be glad to get fifty."

"A thousand, you promised, a thousand you'll give," said the Piper. His eyes seemed to throw sparks, his mouth was no longer smiling.

"What is done, is done, my man," said the mayor, "It cannot be undone. The rats are gone, you see."

"Aye, but I can pipe again," said the other quietly.

"Pipe away then," said the mayor laughing uproariously.

Again the Pied Piper stepped forth. This time his tune was different. How it drew one. It seemed to go back through the mist of years.

In answer to his piping
"Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,"

Laughing, sparkling eyed, tripping and skipping they followed the dancing piper down the

winding street. How joyous they were. Until it seemed as if they too were headed direct for the river.

Not a grown-up stirred, wide eyed, staring, cut short in their rejoicing, horror stricken, they watched the children go. Were they too to find the river a grave, these children of theirs more precious than life?

A sigh of relief went up. For the dancing children reaching the river's edge now turned sharply to the left.

"They cannot go much further," they decided with great relief and their tone was again free. "The mountain is there to stay them."

But alas for them. Even as the piper and the children reached the side of the mountain it seemed to open for them. Opened only long enough to allow them inside, then it closed again.

No one ever knew what happened to the children. Nor is there any need here to tell what in all likelihood, happened to the despicable mayor. For his broken promise received an immediate punishment.

Yet I wonder, my dears, even if there were no apparent punishment except from within oneself, whether a promise made and not kept—oh, well, the thing I want to tell you is that a promise, if it is made, should be kept because we want to do it, and not because of any possible punishment.

The Boy at the Dyke

THE dark mysterious ocean is the greatest enemy of the brave land of Holland. The country was won from the sea and is preserved from the enemy only by constant vigilance and care. The greatest portion of Holland is lower than the level of the sea, but the waters are kept from flooding the land by means of strong dykes.

Holland itself is a regular net-work of canals. Sluices, or large oaken gates are built at regular distances across the center of the canals. The men whose duty it is to open and close the gates are called sluicers. These men raise the gates when a supply of water is needed for the canals and close them at night to avoid all possible danger of an over supply running into the country. The little children of Holland are taught that constant watchfulness is required to keep the ocean from overwhelming the country. A hole scarcely large enough for one's finger-tip, if neglected, would mean death for all.

Many years ago there lived a little Dutch boy whose father was a sluicer. This little boy's name was Peter. He was a bright, happy, brave little boy, and he played all the day long.

One sunny afternoon when he was hard at play his mother called to him. "Come Peter. I want you to carry these cakes to the blind man who lives on the other side of the dyke. But don't stay too long or it will be dark before you get back."

So Peter started off with a light heart. He reached the blind man's house and delivered the cakes. He did not stay long, however, for he knew that it would soon be growing dark. Remembering his mother's warning, he bade the poor old fellow good-bye, and started homeward on a run.

When he reached the top of the dyke he stopped to watch the angry sea. He noticed how the rain had swelled the waters, and how fiercely the waves knocked against the side of the dyke.

For a time little Peter stood watching the ocean and thinking happily that the relentless sea could never hurt him. The waves fascinated him and he forgot that he must hurry. The sun had set before he noticed that he had overstayed. Fear clutched his heart when he realized that the sun was down and it was growing dark. He could no longer see his shadow. He was still quite far from home. He recalled what dreadful things happened to children who were lost in the dark, or in the woods. He tried to think of what might happen to him, shut his eyes and shuddered at the thought. He drew a deep breath, squared his

shoulders, and started to run. But a strange noise startled him. He stopped still. What could it be? From whence did it come? His heart beat wildly. Then he plucked up his courage and looked in the direction from which the noise came. For a second his heart stopped beating. It was a hole in the dyke! The water was slowly trickling through the tiny opening, which was just large enough for Peter to slide his finger into. He knew that he could not leave now.

"I'll stay here until someone comes to help," he said aloud.

But no one came. It grew darker and darker. Peter called, "Come, come, help! The water is running through the dyke!" No one heard his cries. He became frightened and started to cry. Then a happy thought flashed across his mind. Perhaps his father and mother would start out to look for him. Surely they would wonder why he was so late. But the little fellow's mother had long ago bolted the door and gone to bed. She thought that Peter was staying at the blind man's house overnight. "I shall scold him severely in the morning," she thought.

"Will no one ever come?" he thought despairingly. He knew he must not give up. He thought he might die, he was so tired. But he knew that he must not, for then the waters would rush through and drown his father and mother and all the other people.

No one but the brave little boy can ever know what torture it was. More than once his tired little head dropped, but he knew that he must keep awake. His teeth chattered and his little heart was filled with childish fear.

All night long the solitary little figure sat on a stone halfway down the dyke. He looked at the moon shining brightly down on him. At least he was glad it was there. Its smiling face freshened his courage, gave him more hope. Surely someone would come soon.

At last morning came. The little fellow groaned as he stretched out his aching limbs. A clergyman, walking above on the dyke, heard the strange cries. Looking down he saw a little boy crouched up beside the dyke.

"In the name of all wonder what are you doing there?" he called down.

"I am keeping the water from running in," the little lad answered simply. "Tell them to come quick."

Help came and that right quick. Heroic little Peter was taken home.

Everyone in Holland knows the story of the brave boy's courage, for every man in the country tells his sons of how the valiant little hero saved the land.

Wolfe and Montcalm

OF the many stories which crown America's early history, none is finer than that centered about the Battle of Quebec.

Truly epochal, it marked the ended sway of France, for England, it meant added empire and possessions.

For almost three months the English troops had encircled Quebec, built on its inaccessible heights and seemingly impregnable. General James Wolfe, in charge of the besiegers, had almost despaired of success.

The French under the Marquis de Montcalm had calmly and easily repelled the attacks of the enemy and rested content in their security.

On the one side was the St. Lawrence, on the other two sides, the lazy St. Charles. Only the west was exposed and this the French guarded well.

So the siege had run from June until September.

Wolfe, daring, impetuous, with the spirit of both the soldier and the dreamer, fretted at his failure to capture the city. He knew too that soon it would be necessary for the British ships to leave these

waters, for winter came early and they did not dare risk the ice.

Calling a council of his officers, a daring plan was evolved. In success only lay its merit.

That night the ships set sail down the St. Lawrence. For two hours they made their way as if intended for miles distant. When far enough the ships' boats were dropped and the men rowed for shore.

When enough men had been landed the English made their slow way up the steep cliff. A sentry, then another, challenged them, but the replies of an English captain who spoke French fluently, assured each of them.

Wolfe had been ill with fever for many days. No argument could however prevail with him against his joining the attackers. It speaks for the man's mind and mood that as the ships made their way down the river that night, he had been busy reading Gray's Elegy of a Country Churchyard. It had been written but recently and it carried an unusual appeal to the man. Possibly too, some potent of what was to come rang in his mind.

Moved by the beauty of its words and thought, he said to the men about him,

"I would rather have written this than capture Quebec."

Laboriously he made his way up the cliff with

his men. Once on the heights they made a surprise attack on the French who retreated hastily.

The next morning broke with the rain in a steady drizzle. The British redcoats were lined up in battle formation.

Word came to Montcalm who could scarcely believe that the enemy had scaled the Heights of Abraham. Quickly he brought his men from Beauport to the attack. He sent for reinforcement but it did not come.

Montcalm was no less impetuous than his opponent, the brave Wolfe. He would wait no longer. Perhaps if he had, the fate of Quebec and Canada might have been otherwise. For to Wolfe and the British there could be but one outcome if defeated, capture. There could be no escape.

Exhorting his men and setting a heroic example, Montcalm attacked. The British, however, were in fair position to repel him. The attack was beaten back.

The dead numbered many. Wolfe himself had been twice shot before a ball entered his left breast.

As the wounded man lay upon the ground one of the officers sent for a surgeon.

"Not for me, good friend," Wolfe quietly countermanded. "No surgeon can help me."

The battle went on. Soon some of the men called, "They run, they run."

"Who run?" asked Wolfe feebly.

"The enemy, sir," replied one of the men. "They run everywhere."

"So soon?" replied the general. "Now God be thanked, I die in peace."

The French retreated into the town fighting all the way. A shot ploughed through Montcalm's side.

"My God, my God!" said one of the soldiers. "See the Marquis is wounded."

"It's nothing, friends," replied he. "Pray do not be alarmed."

When told that his wound was mortal, he replied quietly,

"So much the better, for then I will not see the surrender of Quebec."

So they died, the one no less great in defeat than the other in victory.

Time has wiped away the bitterness of those days. The French, British, Canadian and American have fought together in a far greater struggle. In Quebec is to be seen an enduring record, a recognition of the bravery of both the Englishman, Wolfe, and the Frenchman, Montcalm.

John Paul Jones

JOHN PAUL JONES—soldier of fortune, bold and daring—loyal to his adopted country even though its treatment of him was shabby, stands out as a man who dared to do things.

He was born with a love for sea. In early life he was attached to British merchantmen and he rose to a captaincy. It was on one of these voyages when he was captain of his own ship that he landed on the shores of the Rapahannock, in Virginia, to learn that his brother who had inherited a large plantation there, was dying and that he was next of kin.

Fate, it seemed for the moment, had other plans for Paul Jones than a life on the sea. He settled down to plantation life, grew to admire and love the colony of which he was a part. His sympathies were entirely with the colonies when they broke away from the mother land.

We are not concerned in this story with the early days of the Revolution. Paul Jones was a conspicuous part of its small navy, his success despite innumerable handicaps made him feared by the British merchantmen sailing in those waters.

It was a daring plan of Jones to bring the war

into the enemy's waters. Only a man of his courage and indomitable resolution could hope to be even partly successful. His contention was, that any successes which might be his, would be tremendously important because all Europe would note the same and herald their import.

Despite handicaps, ill fortune, and a poor ship, Paul Jones played havoc with English shipping. A need for repairs made him seek a French port. Orders came here for the ship to return to America in command of the first lieutenant.

Paul Jones, left alone, set resolutely to work to obtain a ship from the French who were now at war with England. But he found himself handicapped despite the fame of his exploits. The nobility of France was eager to serve on the French men of war; there were not enough commissions to share among them. No foreigner was being considered, even though that foreigner had proven by deeds, his ability.

Still determined, the dauntless American sought an audience with the king who was so impressed with his earnestness, his ability and his knowledge, that he made him commodore of a small squadron.

Jones was joyous in his preparation. High hope was his, not a bit lessened by the unseaworthiness of his ship, which he had named the Bon Homme Richard in honor of Benjamin Franklin, nor by the insolence of his officers.

On the 14th of August, 1779, he set sail. Rich prizes soon were his yet after a month or two, the captains under him were insistent upon returning to port. But the commodore would have none of this, instead he made plans to invade points on the Scottish coast.

It was about this time that word came to Paul Jones of a Baltic fleet which was laying to at Bridlington await for a suitable wind which would carry it to the Downs. The jubilant Jones decided to lay in wait for it.

He was still twelve miles from shore when this fleet taking advantage of a sudden wind which favored it, set sail. The squadron maneuvered to cut it off and fortune seemed to guide its sails.

The Serapis, forty-four, and the Countess of Scarborough, twenty-two, British men-of-war, moved into the theatre of action in the nick of time. Commodore Jones immediately prepared for combat, despite the earnest advice of Captain Landais of the Alliance to withdraw, since the forty-four was entirely too powerful to oppose successfully. The latter finding the Commodore obdurate, treacherously took to his heels, leaving the Pallas and the Richard to face the English ships.

The account of the fight that followed has come down to us through the years to stir our pride and patriotism. It was a bitter struggle. The Serapis should have easily mastered the Richard which was

almost unseaworthy. The guns of the former told heavily, and in no time at all the Richard was a battered hulk.

The Richard attempted to cross the bows of the enemy but failed. Immediately thereafter the Serapis ran foul of her. Paul Jones himself grasped the opportunity of swinging grappling irons upon the other ship, so that the two could not again separate.

Succeeding in this, he set about to arrange for boarders. The fire from the Serapis was so heavy that both shot and splinters made it impossible for any of the men of the Richard to stay at their guns. The sharpshooters on board the Richard now began to pick off the gunners on board the forty-four. For a time then there was a lull in the firing. It seemed that each ship thought that the enemy was about to board.

Captain Pearson of the Serapis, unable to see through the dusk which had now come, a dusk that doubly enveloped them because of the heavy smoke, called to the Richard.

"Have you struck your colors?"

But the intrepid Jones had no thought of surrendering. He called back—

"I have not yet begun to fight."

The ships broke away from each other now. Captain Pearson realized that his advantage lay

in long distance firing, that he had but to wait to overcome the enemy. Just as earnestly Paul Jones maneuvered to close up on the enemy.

His chance was only possible at close range. His sharpshooters had told heavily, grenades also could be used then. Further he was now prepared to board the Serapis and fight it out on the enemy's deck.

Again the two ships ran foul of each other, again the Richard threw grappling irons aboard the enemy and so held her at close quarters.

Fortune and the pluck of a jacky now favored the Richard. A daredevil volunteered to climb the yard-arm of the Richard which stretched over the deck of the Serapis. Jones gave ready consent. Upon his arm the brave sailor carried a bucket of grenades.

From this point of vantage and protected by the keen sharpshooters he threw these grenades upon and into the enemy causing fearful havoc.

It seemed that the gunners of the Serapis had been supplied too zealously with both cartridges and shot and that the over supply had been placed on deck within convenient reach. The exploding grenades found a target in these. The cartridges exploded, the powder not only killed many but set on fire everything near.

The cool sailor in the yard-arm seeing his advan-

tage continued to pursue it. Soon fire was raging everywhere and the men on the Serapis must need turn to fight it.

The fighting was now terrific. The Serapis was in a sad plight, the fire steadily gaining. The fire of the sharpshooters and the deadly grenades had counted heavily. Captain Pearson realized that his ship could not fight both the fire and the Americans and reluctantly he struck his colors. Such was the confusion however that his first lieutenant understood that the Richard had surrendered and many men on board that ship believed it to be so.

The Richard was now a complete wreck. Paul Jones was removed to the captured ship, returning to the French port to be acclaimed by all France for the wonderful fight he had made.

He set up a standard which the navy of America has earnestly attempted to follow.

Nathan Hale

ONE of the most worthy citizens of Connecticut, who because of his lofty character has always been honored by her, was born June 6, 1753 at a time and under influences that were sure to develop the best qualities in him. The parents of Nathan Hale were both descendants of finely endowed Puritan families; both were of strong intellect and high moral character; his ancestors had ever been influential in the political and professional life of the state.

As a child, Nathan Hale was physically weak and feeble. His lack of physical force he soon overcame however, by his strenuous outdoor life, developing into a robust youth, active in both mind and body.

His earnest, manly, and courteous disposition, together with his splendid home training, made his character what it was.

At the age of sixteen in the year 1769, he entered Yale. Here he formed pleasant friendships among both students and faculty, making a record as a distinguished scholar. He gave proof of having all the manners and qualities which make leaders of men. Whatever he did was done well. He was

a powerful athlete. His skill in the broad jump was unequalled. Before he had reached the age of twenty, he could lay one hand on the top of a six-foot fence and vault over it with apparent ease.

Nathan Hale showed unusual vigor of mind as well as of body. He won the admiration of his instructors; became one of the leading and most popular men of his class; was made president of the Lionia Debating Society, and later, secretary.

A life such as this, with its promise of future joy and service—how tragic its end!

After graduating from college, young Hale proved a success as a teacher. He was as skillful in imparting knowledge as he had been in acquiring it. But Nathan's days as a teacher were numbered. The one thing he did teach, the one sermon he preached was the need and the joy of sacrifice.

When the first blood of the American Revolution was shed at the battle of Lexington, war broke out in all its fury.

A public meeting was called to impress upon the citizens the danger which confronted the colonies, and the need for immediate, united action. It was the clear voice of Nathan Hale which volunteered at the call to arms. "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have obtained independence."

The words of the youthful patriot stirred his

people to make preparations to array themselves against one of the most powerful monarchies of the world.

Hale joined the company with the rank of lieutenant. He participated in the siege of Boston, and afterwards was commissioned captain in the Nineteenth Regiment for gallant service. He was ever a brave, vigilant soldier. In the discouraging days of 1775, when the terms of his men expired, he offered to give them his month's pay if they would remain a month longer.

After the admirably equipped English force had raided Long Island, Washington made a skillful retreat at night across the East River to New York. Otherwise the outlook might have been gloomier and the result more disastrous.

Washington, to save the American army from destruction, was in urgent need of accurate information. It was necessary that he know the number of the enemy's forces, and their exact position. He called a meeting of the officers, Hale among them. They realized that some daring, reliable man must cross the British line—a tactful man with undisputable skill as a draughtsman.

A deep silence fell upon the assembled group of men. Then a brave, unfaltering voice spoke, "I will undertake it, sir."

It was Hale who uttered the unselfish words.

His friends tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Hale answered their pleadings thus:

"My duty to my country demands it. Necessity makes every kind of service honorable. No service can be dishonorable if it is for the good of one's country."

Thus it was that Nathan Hale assumed a disguise to cross the enemy's lines that he might accomplish his mission. He wore a suit of brown clothes, with a round, broad-rimmed hat and went as a teacher seeking employment. He was to cross Long Island and approach the British from the rear. Hale's faithful sergeant, Stephen Hemstead, went with him as far as Huntington on Long Island. Little of what Hale did after that is known, of the adventures or narrow escapes which he had.

We do know, however, that he succeeded in passing all the British lines. He made plans and drawings of the new fortifications in the city. Then, on the last night when his work was done, and he was ready to return, he was captured. How, we do not definitely know. The papers and drawings found concealed between the soles of his shoes, told the story.

The most notable American martyr, hardly more than a boy, was condemned to die on Sunday, September 22nd at eleven o'clock. He was turned over to the Provost Marshall, William Cunningham, coarse, brutal, and selfish.

Hale must have considered the cost of the tremendous risk he had undertaken. His prospects in life were all that a man could wish: friends, knowledge, and unquestionable success. His noble, dauntless spirit, together with his training which had taught him to accept defeat bravely, now stimulated his courage and nerved him for the approaching ordeal.

After a morning of earnest prayer, he wrote three letters, one to his mother, one to a brother officer, and one to his sweetheart.

Now the fatal hour came. Cunningham turned to the doomed man.

"If you have a confession to make, now is the time."

No plea for mercy did Nathan Hale make. In response to Cunningham's taunt, he calmly replied, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

The next moment, Nathan Hale was dead—but victorious even in death. His immortal words, spoken at the last, proved to his friends that he had died as he had lived—a Christian, patriot and hero. He had given his life as a sacrifice for his country's liberty.

Washington at Valley Forge

GENERAL HOWE had occupied Philadelphia. Washington at the head of a miserably equipped army now faced the winter of 1777-1778, without food, clothing or equipment.

During that winter, there were many of the Continentals who left the bloody mark of their feet upon the snow because they had no shoes. There were days in succession when the army was without bread or meat of any kind.

They were dark, miserable days. Washington had decided to camp at Valley Forge, where he could watch the city which the British were occupying and at the same time be in position to cover the country most easily.

It had been a year of successive defeats for the Americans. Only eight thousand two hundred men were fit for duty at one time during that winter. The men were cold, weary, hungry. Never had the army been nearer mutiny.

Yet the spirit of Washington, his patience, his fine devotion to the cause held them. His own officers, on the whole, were faithful, loyal and devoted to him. Yet there were others, and many

were these, who were loud in their demands that he be replaced by General Gates who was in command of the army in northern New York and Vermont which had brought about the surrender of Burgoyne.

They pointed out Washington's successive defeats, his plight at the time, as against the victories Gates had won. Gates, himself who had had his head turned by the flattery of these people who favored him for many reasons, was not the least in that campaign of calumny and slander against the commander in chief.

Almost no help came from the commissaries. Much as Washington had opposed foraging on the farms in the vicinity it was necessary that he allow it now to keep his army alive. Try as he would to get Congress to act and act quickly, he had no assistance from the quartermaster-general for six months and more.

Poor as the Continentals were, the pity of it was that supplies were on hand but the means of delivery were absent. Clothing was to be found along the roads and in the woods, too, but teams could not be obtained to haul them and where such teams were on hand, the money to pay them was not there.

Even the spirit of patience which Washington seemed to cloak about him at the most trying times seemed unable to endure the calumny of the

cabal which had organized against him, and more important still, at the lack of activity on the part of the authorities whose duty it was to keep his army in supplies. He wrote a manly, fearless letter to the president of Congress explaining his condition, explaining how he could not continue if his army was hampered as it had been.

How the winter passed, it would have been hard undoubtedly for any one to explain. But pass it did. Despite desertions, despite the many deaths and the large number of disabled, the small army faced the Spring ready again to harass the enemy.

And that enemy! Although well equipped, although facing a winter under the best of conditions, with an army well trained, well clothed and well fed, it was in no enviable position.

General Howe, who had somehow, despite his continuous successes, been placed in the position of defense at all times, now resigned. General Sir Henry Clinton succeeded him.

The British realized now that their position in Philadelphia was untenable. Plans now were to retire to New York where the Continentals could not harrass their supplies. Word came to Washington of the retirement of the British.

Other events too had taken place, and Washington and his men began to hope that winter of despondency was the darkness before dawn. The French had signified a desire to help materially,

it was partly due to the fear that a French squadron might appear at any time that hurried General Clinton's departure from Philadelphia.

At any rate we have the unusual spectacle of the victorious army making a hasty and secret, so it hoped, retreat.

The British found the Continentals on their heels, however. The Americans, who seemed never to know when they were defeated, attacked the retreating British. The loss of the latter in desertions and both wounded and dead, was indeed heavy, so much so, they were almost in rout before reaching New York.

From a disheartened, seemingly helpless command, the Americans had again suddenly been revived into a menacing, active army. In that was Washington's genius, there was his greatness. For looking backward, the military genius of this man showed greatest, not in his victories but in his defeats. He was greatest, most remarkable of all, at Valley Forge.

The Death of Marie Antoinette

THEY had guillotined the unfortunate Louis XVI early in the year 1793. A maddened people playing with death had ruled that he who had ruled them was to die.

The weak king, who had meant no harm, met death unafraid. It was his best, his greatest moment.

It had been a dire year for him. Mocked at, stripped of power, he had been compelled to wear the red cap of the Revolution when he met a committee of the Tribunal one day. It had been a trying time for him, usually he was quite content to do as directed. The red cap continued to be worn after the committee was gone. A sudden realization came to him that he was wearing it, he tore it from his head and turned to the queen, speaking bitterly.

"Madame it was not to see me insulted so, that I brought you here from Vienna."

For ten months Marie Antoinette lived after him. First they took the young Dauphin from her, she begged to be allowed to nurse him for he was sickly, but she was refused. Then with the

nearness of her trial approaching, she was separated from her daughters. She spoke cheerfully to them, gave them good, loving advice, spoke hopefully of the future, then she calmly went forth. In her heart she knew it was the last she was to see of them.

Is it any wonder that death had no terrors for her? Life had never brought her too much of happiness. She had been married when she was fourteen, it was a custom among royalty to marry so early. She had never seen the boy who was to be her husband before her marriage. She had left her home in Vienna to begin a life among strangers who lived in intrigue and constant fawning.

It was considered a signal honor for the nobility to serve royalty in this court of high ceremony. Waited upon, fawned upon, these helpless royal creatures were suddenly compelled to help themselves. It was the queen who managed this, it was the queen who proudly saw to it that no one should realize their helplessness.

She had faults, power and position brought them sharply forth. Yet misfortune found her rising to sublimity. For herself she had no fear, no regrets. Her sorrow was for those who were dear to her, for the beloved ones who must suffer with her.

The fateful morning, the 16th of October, 1793 came. The queen arose early. The coming of a

committee to read the finding of the court to her found her in prayer.

"Attention please," said a gendarme. "We have come to read you your sentence."

"There is no need," she replied calmly. "I know full well what it must be."

They read it however. The queen seemed not to listen.

When they were through, Samson the executioner, he who had guillotined her husband, stepped forth. He carried a rope with which to tie her hands.

"You need not tie my hands," she said quietly. "You will not find that they will make resistance."

But Samson roughly seized them. Deftly, he tied them behind her back.

Then he proceeded to cut off her hair. She watched him not certain just what he would do next. She made no further appeal, she realized the uselessness of it.

Outside a cart was waiting, a cart drawn by two white horses. As she was escorted forth, she must have noticed what a wonderful day it was, it was like a summer day.

Only Samson the executioner and a Revolutionist priest rode with her. She refused the latter's offer of spiritual consolation.

As the cart rumbled along, twenty thousand and more soldiers guarded the streets, the cannon were in readiness at every point prepared against any attempt at rescue. But no such attempt was made.

The houses were ordered closed, the windows shut. But amongst the vast crowd watching, quietly, relentlessly, many heads were bared as she who was the daughter of an emperor and wife of a king passed by to meet death. In that crowd there were none to pay respect to hated royalty, the uncovered heads must have been bared to a brave woman who went by to her death.

At last they came to the scaffold. Quickly she mounted it, as if glad, eager, to rescue her soul.

The crowd waited silent, relentless. The terrible Samson was there, businesslike, matter of fact.

The last prayer of the woman was one for forgiveness for those who were about to see her die. Her last earthly thought was of her children. Then she met death, halfway. It held no new misery for her.

Lord Nelson on the Sea

LORD NELSON was a naval genius whose enthusiasm, daring and patriotism have seldom known the equal. His life from beginning to end was crowned with heroic service for his country. His dazzling career was brought to a triumphant end only after the full completion of his mission. Through his efforts England remained the "mistress of the seas." This supremacy she had held undisputed for over a hundred years.

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758. His mother was a descendant of the famous Walpole of England. His father was a minister in Norfolk, on the eastern coast of England.

Although a weak and sickly child, little Horatio was bent upon a naval career. His uncle, Maurice Suckling, was a captain of great note. The lad hoped that some day he might command a similar post. When Horatio was but twelve years of age he begged that he might be allowed to accompany his uncle on a voyage at sea. The uncle was reluctant about taking the weak little boy with him, but so earnest were his entreaties that finally he yielded. When Horatio's mother died, he was left

in the care of this uncle who had promised to provide for him.

The Royal Society fitted out an expedition to be sent to the North Pole. Here was a new chance of adventure for our young hero! After several endeavors to take part in the voyage, he was finally allowed to go as coxswain to one of the captains.

Thereafter, Horatio lived on the sea continually. His delicate health was completely undermined after an unusually long cruise, and he was forced to go home to rest.

The enterprising mariner was not to be hindered by a fever, however, and before many days had passed, he started on another voyage, this time as lieutenant.

He never shrank from difficulties. His strong resolve and self-reliance made him enjoy overcoming obstacles and dangers. He was determined that his life should be worthy, that in the end he would come out on top. Often he would exclaim, "I shall live to be envied, and to that point will I direct my cause."

His promotion was rapid. It was this detail service, now in one capacity, now in another, which led on to his brief but glorious and brilliant career.

France, after the Revolution and the abolition of royalty, declared war on Great Britain and Hol-

land in 1793. Nelson was appointed commander of the Agamemnon, a 64-gun ship.

Nelson's zealous devotion to duty and love of action is manifested in the part he played in clearing the Mediterranean of French ships.

Likewise, in the skirmish with the Spanish fleet, the ally of France, Nelson's quickness, energy and wonderful power to seize each opportunity assured the English victory.

In the attack on Santa Crux, Nelson experienced his first failure. With a mere handful of men he tried to storm the Spanish stronghold. He was forced to retreat, however. The battle caused him great physical suffering for he was shot in the elbow. He suffered the loss of an arm.

France, which had extended her influence over most of the adjoining countries, now concentrated her forces against Great Britain. Her purpose was to destroy the British monarchy.

Great Britain decided to adopt an offensive policy. Nelson was sent to follow the movements of the French fleet. It was only after a long and tedious search through weeks of harrowing uncertainty and suspense, that he finally discovered the enemy.

The French fleet was sighted in Aboukir Bay, just east of Alexandria. It seems that General Bonaparte had planned on taking Egypt, establish-

ing himself at the head of the Red Sea, and carrying an army into Hindustan.

The French fleet rode before the British in solid battle array. Nelson's quick eye saw at a glance the weak point in the enemy's position. He saw that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for an enemy's ship to anchor. In spite of the heavy firing of the French, the British managed to pass inside their line.

The French fleet had 1198 guns and 11,110 men. The British had only 924 guns and 7478 men, but their crews were better disciplined.

The battle began at 7 p. m. All night the fight continued. Nelson was severely wounded having been struck in the forehead, but he continued to direct his men. When the battle was over, nine French ships had been taken, and four destroyed. Four only escaped. "The Battle of the Nile," as it is called, is one of the most decided victories ever won.

Soon Nelson was to take part in another conflict, this time with Denmark. That country disputed the right of belligerents to search neutral vessels for contrabands of war. Russia, Sweden, and Prussia professed neutrality.

In the battle of Copenhagen, the impetuous, determined attitude of Nelson resulted in another glorious victory for the British. It was then that Nelson took his seat in the House of Lords.

Still Nelson could not rest. The French emperor was bent upon a new enterprise. Napoleon was preparing to invade England.

Before he could carry out his plans, however, it was essential that he obtain command of the seas. Nelson was determined to make it impossible.

He met the allied French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. Before the battle he went below deck and there uttered the prayer; "May God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great victory."

At half-past eleven on the morning of October 21st, he gave the signal: "England expects every man to do his duty."

During the encounter, Nelson was shot through the backbone while pacing the deck with Captain Hardy.

Before Nelson closed his eyes in death, seventeen of the enemy ships had been captured and the victory won. He lived to see England "mistress of the seas," again, a position which even France did not attempt to dispute. He had defeated forces far greater than his own in three successive battles, Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. His country and the fulfillment of his duty had ever been the goal of his efforts. When the guns ceased firing he breathed his last, noble words, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Rip Van Winkle

IN the days when the United States were still colonies of Great Britain, there lived in a village situated near or in the Catskills, a range of mountains on the western shore of the Hudson, a ne'er-do-well, whose name was Rip Van Winkle. As may be supposed he had descended from a Dutch family, which had emigrated to America in the seventeenth century.

It is perhaps a little harsh to term Rip Van Winkle as a ne'er-do-well. It is even a question as to whether he was really lazy, for no one was more willing to do a favor for friend or neighbor, no one was more active in any hunt or day of fishing. Nor could anyone tire him out in the long tramps through the mountains.

But no one was less inclined, nor did anyone do less where his own concerns mattered. No farm was more poorly kept, no other house in the village so broken down. It seemed as if, where his own affairs were at stake, Rip Van Winkle could never be persuaded to do anything very long.

Nor was it the fault of poor Dame Van Winkle. If she appeared shrewish, if her tongue was overly sharp, who can blame her, who would not have

been the same should misfortune have brought so useless a husband. She did not give the poor man any peace, it certainly was not her fault if he continued his lazy and worthless career. She tried hard to get him to put in some work upon the farm which was theirs. But all to no avail.

The good people in the village with a finality of judgment which I am sure they must have thought beyond questioning blamed Dame Van Winkle for the apparent lack of harmony in the Van Winkle household. They saw only Rip's pleasant side, on the other hand, Dame Van Winkle made no effort to show them anything but her exasparation at her husband's failings.

Rip's refuge, at such times when his wife's shrewishness was harder to bear than usual, was to go wandering into the mountains accompanied by his faithful dog Wolf. There he would delight in hunting, squirrels were his chief delight.

It was quite a warm day and as afternoon came on Rip found himself quite sleepy and tired. He decided that he would take a nap for a little while.

He must have been asleep for but a few moments when he suddenly awakened. Someone, it seemed to him, had called him. He waited, listening.

He heard nothing. However, dusk was coming on, and he decided it was time for him to return home. So he retraced his steps.

He had gone but a little way, when he heard the

call again. It seemed to ring through the still evening air "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" he heard.

Suddenly he saw a queer figure. The man was climbing up the mountain and he was carrying a heavy weight upon his back. It was hard work for him. His burden resembled a cask.

With his usual willingness, Rip went forward to help the man. As long as the labor was one of love or friendship, Rip was more than glad to do it.

The stranger was even queerer than he had first thought. He reminded him of the picture of an early Dutch settler he had seen in a neighbor's house.

The man indicated that he wished Rip to help him carry his burden and the latter, a little uncertainly, proceeded to do so. So upward the two toiled. Rip, who was always curious, was eager to ask questions but something about the man kept him from doing so.

However, his curiosity was partly satisfied after about an hour of this upward toiling, for they suddenly came upon a number of other strangers very much like Rip's first acquaintance. They were a very solemn set and were absorbed in a game of nine-pins.

They stopped their play upon their approach and stared at him fixedly, without any sign of greeting or without a word spoken. Rip's guide motioned

to him to empty the liquor, which it seemed was in the cask, into flagons and then to serve the same.

The company paid no further attention to him. He found his diffidence wearing away, soon he proceeded to help himself to some of the liquor, then to more.

As he drank more and more of it, his head began to swim. Soon he became quite drowsy, he found himself falling asleep.

When Rip awoke, he found the strange company no longer there. Nor was Wolf anywhere about. He put his hand out for his gun but saw instead a rusty old one, not at all his own.

"They must have exchanged guns with me," he thought. "I must find Wolf and return home. Won't the good dame give me a tongue lashing for staying from home the whole of the night?"

He called Wolf but there was no reply. A little drowsy still, he looked about.

"I must have wandered away from the place where they were playing their nine-pins," he decided as he saw how different was this place in which he had fallen asleep.

His bones creaked as he started to arise and he decided that he was getting too old to sleep outdoors; there was always danger of rheumatism. He proceeded homeward.

Things looked quite strange to him as he neared the village. It seemed to him that houses were not the same and he blamed this, and the people he met on the way whom he did not seem to know, to his still befuddled condition due to the liquor he had been drinking the night before.

He saw that some of these strangers were laughing at him. Now he came upon a group of children, strangers, too, who laughed loudly at him. They stroked their chins in ridicule. Involuntarily he did the same. Imagine his surprise to find a long beard had grown over night.

When he arrived in the village, he saw no one he knew and the houses seemed much more numerous and entirely strange.

He saw other things too, which he could not understand. The people all about would not speak to him at first, but finally one came over to him.

"Are you a stranger?" he asked.

"Not I," replied Rip, "but all of you, of course, are."

One of the observers pointed significantly to his head. There was more questioning. Finally, Rip Van Winkle, a little impatiently and uncertainly inquired,

"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

"Dead these eighteen years," an old man replied.

Rip rubbed his eyes incredulously.

"And Brom Dutcher?"

He joined the army and was killed, I understand."

The amazed Van Winkle made other inquiries, the answers to which only seemed to befuddle him the more.

"Where then, is Rip Van Winkle?" he asked ready to believe anything.

A man was pointed out to him, an exact replica of himself as he had been but yesterday.

"And Dame Van Winkle?" he asked uncertainly.

"She is dead," was the solemn reply.

There were other questions and answers, until finally in desperation the poor man, hardly expecting to be believed, in fact actually questioning if it were really so, declared himself to be Rip Van Winkle.

"Rip Van Winkle?" said the same old man who had told him of the death of Nicholas Vedder, "why he went away one day twenty years ago and was never heard of again.

"Twenty years ago?" repeated the incredulous Rip. "It couldn't be, it was but yesterday."

"We will ask old Peter Vanderdonck, who is the

oldest inhabitant hereabouts," said an important looking individual. "Here he comes."

"How old Peter has grown," Rip thought. But he recognized good old Peter.

Peter knew him at once. He proceeded, rather feeling the importance of his prominence, to tell of how his father had told him that the old Dutch settlers were wont to return to the Catskills, every once in so often and that Rip must have come amongst some of them.

The Rip Van Winkle who had been pointed out to him was his own son, a chip of the old block, who had all the failings and likeableness of his father. A little later, a bustling woman made her way through the group, this was his daughter now grown to womanhood and wifehood. She gave him a warm greeting, it was with her that Rip made his future home.

It took him a long time to adjust himself to all the changes, to the realization that there had been a war and that the colonies were now independent of Great Britain. Truth to tell, he cared very little.

But he did love the life which was now his. There was no one to scold him for his laziness, since his years entitled him to idleness. What he loved best was to gather the children who loved him, around him and tell them many stories. The favorite one was his own and you can be sure that it suffered little in the telling.

The Man Without a Country

SOME of you have read it, some of you may only have heard of "The Man Without A Country," written by Edward Everett Hale.

Philip Nolan was an officer of the United States army in the early part of the nineteenth century. He had met Aaron Burr, who had been vice president of the United States and to whom he was devoted.

Burr had a strange influence on the young officer. There can be no question that Burr was a traitor to his country in his later years. He had conceived a great dream to make New Orleans and the land around the Mississippi an empire over which he would rule. He had bitterly resented his failure to become president and this was his revenge.

Nolan was pledged to him heart and soul. When Burr turned traitor the young officer did not hesitate but followed him. When the conspiracy was frustrated many prominent men were tried. Few were sentenced. Among those who were found guilty was Philip Nolan.

There is no attempt to excuse the youth. He showed no repentance, instead he proved defiant. When he was convicted and he was asked if he

wished to say anything to show that he had been loyal to the United States he exclaimed—

"D—the United States. I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

The court was shocked. Many there had fought in the Revolution. The country meant much to them. There was a brief but significant silence.

Up rose old Colonel Morgan who had presided at the court-martial. His air was stern, his usually kindly face white as a sheet.

"Prisoner hear the sentence of the court. You are never to hear the name of the United States again."

The prisoner was taken to New Orleans. There he was put on board ship. Instructions had been given to the officers and men on board that the man must never hear the name of his country or see it again, must never see its flag; that he was to be a man without a country.

For years and years Nolan was carried to many lands on different ships but never to his own.

So they sailed the many seas. Something seemed gone from the man. He appeared to be always alert, as if listening, searching for a thing that had escaped him.

It happened that the ship on which he was had stopped at the Cape of Good Hope. Nolan had exchanged some books he had for those that were

on board an English ship. After the ships had exchanged courtesies, the American went on her way.

It was not felt necessary to censor the books that came from the Englishman for as you may know our own country was but new and the books that he had obtained were mostly Shakespeare's. But there was one of Scott's also there and among them, the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Nolan had been seated with a number of officers. They were spending their time reading, each one doing his share. It came to Nolan's chance and as the horrible luck would have it, after reading canto after canto, he came to the wonderful lines not so well known then,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said—
> This is my own, my native land!

When he got this far he turned deathly pale. But he continued bravely,

> "Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned,
> From wandering on a foreign strand?—
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
> Despite these titles, power and pelf,
> The wretch concentered all in self"—

He could not go on. He threw the book into the sea and rushed to his room from which he did not appear for many days.

After this incident, Nolan made no attempt to hide his misery. Not by speaking of it or deploring his punishment; and yet it was very plainly obvious.

On another trip Nolan had been invited to a ball which was being held on board ship.

Among those present was a lady whom Nolan had known. He rushed to her joyfully and asked her to dance. The lieutenant who was present was a little uncertain as to what he should do but the lady, Mrs. Graff, nodded to him, as if to make him understand that she knew what was necessary.

The talk turned to the many lands to which Mrs. Graff had been. The talk must have been delightful to the man's hungry soul. Then skillfully and with just a touch of hesitation, he said,

"And, Mrs. Graff, what do you hear of home?"

"Home?" said the lady. "I thought you were the man who never wished to hear of it again."

In one of the battles between a British ship and an American in the war of 1812, a round-shot entered the American port square killing the officer of the gun and almost all the men with him. While the surgeon's men rushed to the aid of the wounded, it was Nolan who, of course , had had

no part in the fight, who appeared in his shirt sleeves. With the rammer in his hand, he ordered the men who were left to continue the firing. His tone was cheery and cool, in fact it must have been one of the few happy times of his life.

It was a brave thing to do. The captain thanked him publicly in front of the whole ship.

"You are one of us today, Mr. Nolan." He gave him his own sword of ceremony. The man cried like a babe and sought refuge in his own cabin.

Nolan lived for many years. He was alive during the time of the Civil War. But the policy which had continued from the time of Jefferson continued down until his death which must have been when he was over eighty.

There is more to the story but it deals of how much he wanted to know of the United States and of how little he heard. It would almost seem that a man's punishment is unnecessary after he has been cleansed by it. Perhaps, when Nolan had become purified as he had, his punishment might well have been tempered by mercy.

This much is true. Though he heard nothing of his country until the day of his death, he worshipped her for many, many years.

Andrew Jackson As a Boy

THE parents of Andrew Jackson, after years of battle with poverty in Ireland, crossed the ocean to try, if possible, to make a better fight in America. They belonged to as good and sturdy a stock as there is in the world.

The story of Mrs. Jackson is one of tragedy, pathos and womanly heroism. She was left a widow with three sons shortly after they reached our shores, and before her husband had obtained permanent ownership of their small farm in Union County, North Carolina. It was here that Andrew Jackson was born in a rude, log hut on March 15th, in the year 1767.

Mrs. Jackson earnestly wished that her youngest son might become a minister. As soon as he was old enough she sent him to the neighboring school where an attempt was made to teach Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. Dictionaries were unknown. Spelling was still in its infancy. Andrew Jackson spelled recklessly to the end of his life.

School offered little fascination to the wiry, energetic boy. He still clung to fights and mischief. Among his playmates he was noted for gameness

of spirit. Although not strong, he was tough and agile. No matter how severely he was thrown to the ground by a larger boy, he was always ready to try again. The smaller boys looked to "mischievous Andy," as he was called, as a sort of chivalric protector against big bullies. Whatever sport or merry-making there was, and the more boisterous the better, Andy was always the leader.

He had a fiery, uncontrollable temper which at times caused him no end of trouble. One day the boys at school decided to play a practical joke on him. They gave him a loaded gun which they dared him to shoot. The fearless lad seized the gun, fired it off, and was kicked violently on his back. He was on his feet in a moment. Trembling with rage, his eyes blazing, he cried, "If any of you boys laugh, I'll kill him!" No one dared laugh.

The incident of the gun merely shows that though but a lad, he possessed the power of making others obedient to his will.

Mrs. Jackson persisted in her efforts to have Andrew's mental training continued. It could be readily seen that he was a lad of promise in spite of his wild love of fun and his unbridled temper. The mother's eager determination that her boy should become something better than the average produced one permanent effect—it was that Andrew, too, became determined, and he did become something better.

In the spring of 1780 the British began the great campaign to subjugate the South. The patriots gathered together a considerable force, but it was mere militia, not under discipline or good management. The British cavalry under Colonel Tarleton surprised the patriots on May 29th. With brutal butchery they slaughtered one hundred and thirteen militia and severely wounded one hundred and fifty.

Among those who toiled in the care of the wounded were Mrs. Jackson and her sons. Andrew was then only thirteen, but tall and strong for his age.

Andrew Jackson accompanied the troop of horsemen with General Sumter when he so nearly won a victory at the British post of Hanging Rock. A light-riding youngster could be useful as a scout, and none had pluck and keenness equal to that of the daring Andrew.

In the spring of 1871, Andrew, his brother, and six others were acting as a guard at the house of a neighbor, a Whig leader named Captain Sands who had dared to come home to visit his family. The Tories discovered this and approached the house at night. Andrew challenged the Tories and fired upon them. Two of his comrades were killed and one severely wounded. Finally, the assailants were scared away by the sound of a bugle blown by a Whig neighbor. They guessed it to be a warning of the approach of Whig horsemen.

The skirmish with the Tories gave Andrew the right to regard himself as a soldier. His fighting days were soon to end, however. The Whig settlers gathered at the meeting house one night when they were surprised by a superior force of Tories.

Andrew with many others rode hard to get away but were pursued and captured. Again we have an incident in which the boy manifested his youthful heroism and courage. An English officer ordered the lad to clean his muddy boots. Andrew, quick to make reply, flashed back, "Sir, I am not your slave. I am your prisoner, and as such I refuse to do the work of a slave."

The reply irritated the brutal officer who struck the boy a cruel blow with his sword. Andrew received two severe wounds, on head and hand, the scars of which he carried through life.

The boy was then transferred to the prison-pen near Camden jail. Here, with wounds unhealed, without shelter and almost without food, he suffered needless exposure. Small-pox broke out among the captives and the boy Jackson did not escape contagion.

When his mother heard of her son's sad plight she went to Camden jail, obtained his release and took him home. Andrew's struggle for life was long and doubtful. His old gameness of spirit and grit never wavered in the battle with death. Finally, he began slowly to recover.

The Merrimac and Monitor

ON one of the mornings of March, 1862, when the Civil War between the States was growing into dread intensity, there steamed toward the Yankee fleet assembled in the waters of Hampton Roads, a queer, strange ship which resembled a "meeting-house afloat." Riding low in the water its iron sides not only weighed it down but kept its speed to five knots an hour.

It came slowly, cumbersomely toward the waiting ships. Somehow it seemed to carry a strange menace in its slow advance, unescapable disaster for the waiting ships.

Some realization of the unequal battle which was about to begin must have come to the Union ships when a broadside sent against the oncoming vessel, a broadside sufficient to sink an ordinary ship seemed to have no apparent effect upon the iron monster which disdained to answer for the time being.

The Merrimac under command of Captain Franklin Buchanan was now at close quarters and appeared even more menacing. It continued its fire until the dead and wounded upon the Yankee ship were a fearful count. Uneven as the strug-

gle was, the Congress never wavered but continued her fire seeking to find a weak spot but seeking in vain.

It seemed as if the ship was doomed. After three hours the Merrimac suddenly ceased her fire. The men on the Congress saw the monster pass up the stream.

"She has had enough of it," was the instant thought. A cheer went up from the Congress to be answered by other cheers from the Cumberland.

But the powerful Southerner had no idea of ceasing her fight. Slowly she made her way to the Cumberland. Straight for the doomed ship she headed. Even as she rammed the ship she reversed her engines making her own escape while the Cumberland began to list, then slowly sink.

The Merrimac steamed away, even as the Cumberland slowly sank. She turned again to the Congress which had steamed toward shore where she had grounded. Again the fire of the powerful vessel was concentrated upon this ship. Her fire added to the list of dead and wounded. It was a hopeless fight. The gallant officer in charge reluctantly lowered his colors.

The Merrimac after a few moments of apparent indecision turned about, she had evidently decided that she could complete her work in the morning. The Minnesota had run aground, she could hardly escape during the night.

It was a night of great concern for the North. With such a ship as the Merrimac, the entire navy of the Yankees would be useless for none of the wooden ships could withstand her.

For the South, the power of the Merrimac brought jubilation. It meant that the hated blockade was to cease. It meant too, that the powerful navy of the North had met its match.

No one thought of John Ericsson, a Swedish inventor who had long tried to interest the Navy Department in his invention, the first Monitor. The officials in the Navy had ridiculed him. All that they would agree to, was to permit him to try out his boat, if it should prove unsuccessful, his was to be the loss, if successful, they would give him consideration.

Backed by a friend, C. S. Bushnell of New Haven, Conn., the Monitor was tried out at about this time. It was on one of its trial trips that she made her way toward Cape Hatteras. Some queer coincidence must have guided her to the exact point where she was most needed.

She arrived on that same evening. To the seemingly doomed Minnesota she was a Godsend. In fact, nothing was more instrumental in bringing victory to the North than this "Yankee cheese-box on a raft."

She was under command of Lieutenant Worden and seemed quite small against the massive Merri-

mac. Yet for the North, this was no moment to be finicky.

A little after dawn the Merrimac was perceived approaching. The Monitor ready for battle put forward to meet her.

The duel between the two ships was somewhat more equal. The smaller ship carrying but two guns which were in the turret were placed on a revolving pivot. Because of this and her greater speed she was a match for the Merrimac with her ten guns.

The fight lasted throughout the entire day. It ended in victory for neither ship. But in that very fact the North was the victor. For so long as the Merrimac had to face a worthy opponent so long was the advantage of the North maintained.

It was a strange duel with almost no damage to either side. Lieutenant Worden was wounded but not seriously. No one on either ship was killed. But no struggle between two forces was more serious, more decisive.

For the navies of the world it marked the beginning of the ironclads, later to be succeeded by the submarines and battleships of today.

Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

"RICHMOND has fallen, Lee has surrendered." The President who had visited Richmond after its fall had returned in happy mood. For the war was practically over, bloodshed was to cease.

He seemed almost carefree, that day. He spoke over the future with his wife, and they planned, quite happily, the years of their retirement to civil life. He was to practice law either in Chicago or in Springfield; they were to be home among neighbors and friends.

A cabinet meeting was to be held on the fatal Friday. General Grant was to be present and the President was eager to meet him and congratulate him upon the outcome. The members of the cabinet had never seen him so happy, so carefree. He spoke solemnly of the fact that theirs was to be a policy of leniency, after all, these men of the South were brothers, they were Americans, they would continue as part of the Union.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

A theatre party was planned for that night by Mrs. Lincoln. General Grant and Mrs. Grant had

accepted an invitation to attend but found later in the day that they could not. To take their place Mrs. Lincoln invited Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, daughter and stepson of Senator Ira Harris.

The play was at Ford's Theatre, it was "Our American Cousin." The presidential party was late, the President having been detained at the last moment. When he entered the theatre, the play stopped for a moment, while the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief."

The President responded to the enthusiastic greeting of the audience. He seemed very happy. No one seemed to enjoy the play more than he as it went on.

There had been threats against his life. Proper precaution and care had always been taken. As he himself termed it, the only way he could be absolutely assured of safety was to live in an iron case, away from every one. But if he did, he could not continue his duties as president. He had always felt that he was and always would be the target for anyone who could reach him, who would wish to kill him.

John Wilkes Booth, an actor and a strong secessionist, had been drinking heavily to drown the sorrows due to the defeats of the Southern cause. He was one of the leaders of a group which had plotted not only against Lincoln's life but against other leaders of the North.

Word came to him that Lincoln was to attend the play. He formed a desperate plan not only to kill the President but the members of the cabinet. He appointed several of the group each to the killing of one man. He himself was to attack and kill Lincoln.

What he hoped to achieve by this, no one knows. Even in its darkest day the South must have realized that in Lincoln it had one who would temper mercy most with justice. That Lincoln's death and the death of the entire cabinet could change the outcome, could hardly be believed.

Booth entered the theatre unperceived. No one had a thought of the tragedy. It was too joyous, too happy a moment. He made his way to the box of the President's party. Taking every precaution to make his attempt successful, he locked the entrance door to the box.

He was thoroughly familiar with the theatre, he had played there often. He had also made all his plans for escape.

Once inside the box, he took careful aim. The President was as intent upon the play as were the rest of the party. He fired.

Major Rathbone flung himself upon the murderer but Booth slashed at him with a knife wounding him. Running forward to the front of the stage he vaulted over the railing. A flag used as decora-

tion caught his spur and as he fell his leg was broken.

"Sic Semper Tyrannis," he shouted. He jumped up and ran limping to the back of the stage. From there he quickly made his way outside jumped upon his horse and was away.

Rathbone had shouted "Stop him, he has shot the President." The stunned audience recovered almost in a moment. They rushed on the stage but the murderer had escaped for the time being.

The President's wound was mortal. He lingered through the night but died the next day. Booth was traced, he was surrounded in a barn in which he had taken refuge. Refusing to surrender, the barn was set on fire and when he attempted to escape he was killed.

The Secretary of State had also been attacked and wounded but not fatally.

So died Abraham Lincoln, at the hour which seemed to be bringing him content, happiness and peace.

Great as was the loss to the North, it was the South which lost most in his death. For few are born with that rare wisdom, that gift of understanding, that absence of malice which was his.

As Stanton said of him as he passed from all earthly ties,

"Now he belongs to the ages."

Stanley Finds Livingstone

LIVINGSTONE, missionary and explorer, whose deeds in Africa had startled the whole world has not been heard from for several years.

His was a restless spirit, even boundless Africa was not large enough to hold him. From coast to coast he roamed, he explored and mapped more of the dark continent than anyone before or after him had done. He lived with natives and put absolute trust in the wildest of them.

He was a great hunter too, his physical courage was only surpassed by his spiritual strength. He loved all life, especially that of Africa.

He built solidly for the church of which he was a missionary. His implicit faith was in Jesus. His teachings were the foundation for what he preached and practiced. To those natives with whom he lived his word was law, they overcame all their natural fear when he was with them.

On his last return to Africa he had turned into the wilderness and no word had come from him for so long that the world feared he had at last succumbed to the dangers which stalked him everywhere. Yet his miraculous escapes before brought faint hope to some.

A New York newspaper, the Herald, owned by

James Gordon Bennett, undertook the splendid task of finding out what had befallen the man. It commissioned one of its men, Henry M. Stanley, to go forth in search of him. No efforts, no costs were to be spared in the search.

No better man could have been selected. The American was an explorer of the same ilk as David Livingstone. He held high purpose; he did not know fear. He was determined to find out what had befallen the man whom he so much admired, in fact, he had longed to make the search.

Those had been hard years for Livingstone. Death seemed to be at his elbow constantly. Fever and disease stalked him. He was almost despondent, food was almost gone, he had wasted to a worn shadow of what had been his former self. He was far from civilization, in the very heart of Africa, without strength or means to continue.

The loyalty of the Africans at this time showed how well he had built. In this utter helplessness and hopelessness, Susi, his man, suddenly rushed in in a state of great excitement. "An Englishman approaches. Yonder he comes."

Livingstone tottered to the door. Dear as was the English flag to him, his joy could have been none the less to see that of America approaching. Stanley had found him at last.

Two strong men met. Stanley brought letters for the older man, he brought news of the outside world. In the companionship of Stanley, as well as the welcoming supplies which he brought with

him Livingstone grew well. Stanley stayed with him. Together they explored much of Africa. How glad the older man must have been for the companionship of a white man and one so congenial.

The time came for Stanley's return. He urged Livingstone to accompany him but the latter declined. His work was there; he felt he had but few years left him and there was much to do.

His foreboding was true; he had not much longer to live. In May of 1873, after a long illness, death came to him among those he loved so much, in the land which he had made his.

One of his faithful men came upon him. He alarmed the rest. Solemnly, sorrowfully, the truth dawned upon them. Bwana was dead.

They did not want to return him to England. They felt that his remains should be buried in Africa, the land to which he had devoted himself.

But the soul of Livingstone had grown to be theirs. His unselfish spirit was their example. They realized that those who loved him at home would want to see him buried in his native home, among his forefathers. Without any other thought than service, without any other desire than to do the thing that seemed best, they carried the dead body of the man thousands of miles to the coast and from there the remains were carried to Scotland.

Sitting Bull, the Indian Chief

SITTING BULL was a Dakota Indian. His father was Jumping Bull. The Indian chiefs are fond of giving their boys names from things which they do, like to do, or do best. If a boy ran fast with his head up, they might call him, 'Wild Horse,' if he had sly, cunning ways, he might be called, 'The Fox.' Sitting Bull loved the buffalo hunt. When still a young boy, he succeeded in killing a buffalo calf. Thereafter, his totem, or family-coat-of-arms, consisted of a buffalo settled on his haunches. Because of this, the young brave was called "Sitting Bull."

The Indian chiefs were not of a murderous disposition as is generally believed. Warfare was supposed to develop the manly qualities in them, and make them strong. It was not the number slain in battle which exalted an Indian in the eyes of his comrades, but the degree of risk which he undertook in so doing. A brave must mourn thirty days with blackened face, and loosened hair, for the enemy whose life he had taken. We must remember that a race is always demoralized when subjugated, that true morality is more easily maintained in connection with the simple life.

Perhaps Sitting Bull was not an educated man,

at least, not in the modern sense of the word. His learning did not come from books. All he learned was derived from observation and put into daily practice. He was bull-headed, had a clear-insight, grasped situations readily, and could not be induced to change his mind. He was not suspicious until he was forced to be so. All of his meaner traits were developed after the whites usurped his territory.

When the whites first settled along the valley of the Mississippi, the Indian showed no desire to become hostile. They traded peaceably for guns, knives and powder. Many of the chieftains, however, became depraved with whiskey and other vices of the whites. The stronger Indians showed no decided resentment until they fully realized that the whites were a danger to their very existence. It was then that Sitting Bull came to the forefront. He was satisfied that the whites were molesting the natives' rights, and therefore, joined forces with the neighboring tribes to array himself against the invader.

A treaty was drawn up and signed at Washington in 1868 which Sitting Bull accepted in good faith. This treaty preserved the Big Horn and Black Hills country as a permanent hunting ground for the Indians.

The white men trespassed on the territory in their search for gold, however, and thus, Sitting Bull's faith in them was lost. He hated the in-

vader more and more. He gathered the tribes together under the name of 'Strong Hearts.' They resolved to force the white settlers out of their country forever.

The white soldiers marched into the Big Horn region to subdue the Indians. Everything was swept before them. Sitting Bull with his 'Strong Hearts' all around him, moved forward to meet the white men. He succeeded in surrounding them and in the battle that followed not one of Custer's brave men was left alive. This famous fight is known as "Custer's Massacre."

Sitting Bull wanted nothing from the government but what was granted him and the Indians in the treaty of 1868. The government did not stick to this agreement. The administration decided to place all Indians under military control on various reservations. Sitting Bull made up his mind that he would never be an 'agency Indian,' so he went to Canada with his followers.

He was finally forced to report at Fort Buford, North Dakota in 1881 with his band of homeless, half-starved savages. It was not the strong arm of military force which made him surrender, but the need of food for himself and companions.

He was thrown into a military prison and later, handed over to Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) as an advertisement for his "Wild West Show."

The Discovery of the North Pole

ON July 6th, 1908, Robert Peary in command of the Roosevelt, made his final expedition in search of the Pole. He had been unsuccessful in his earlier attempts but it was the experience gained from these expeditions that made this last effort successful.

The Roosevelt, stoutly built and reenforced to resist the tremendous crushing force of the ice to be found in the north, arrived at Cape Sheridan. Here, on February 15, 1909, a number of the men under Captain Peary started forth in sledges.

On March 2nd, the party arrived at Cape Columbia which marked the British record up to that time. On March 23rd, the sledges had passed the point which had marked the record of the Norwegians. A day later, Captain Peary passed the spot which Abruzzi, the famous Italian, had reached; and the American record up to that time, was passed four days later.

The Pole seemed very near now. But the greatest strain was yet to come. The brave explorers kept pressing on under frightful handicaps and cold; on the 6th of April the Pole was reached.

Captain Peary made his return almost at once.

On the 23rd of April he was back at Cape Columbia; on July 18th, the Roosevelt sailed for home.

In the meantime however, while the Roosevelt was on its homeward way, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who had been at the head of another expedition also in search of the Pole suddenly announced from the nearest cable station that his search had been successful. The whole world was startled by the message. Dr. Cook was on his way to Denmark, where he was hailed by the whole country, the king and his ministers paying him special homage. The newspapers ran big stories about him and the United States waited his home-coming with eagerness. The Aldermanic body of New York City gave him a formal welcome.

When the Roosevelt under Peary arrived at the first port which communicated with the outside world he heard that Dr. Cook had claimed and was hailed as, the discoverer of the Pole. Captain Peary sent a hot message to the New York Times announcing his own success. Later when he was in touch with Dr. Cook's claim he unhesitatingly denounced the other man as an impostor. The whole world took sides and it must be confessed that sympathy was mostly with Dr. Cook.

Both men presented proofs of their claims. Dr. Cook's asserted discovery of the Pole was made on April 21, 1908, Captain Peary's on April 6, 1909. A careful study of the evidence made it practically clear that Captain Peary was correct in his claim and he was given the credit for the discovery.

The Taxicabs of Paris

THE first month of the war—August 1914—found the Germans sweeping through Belgium, in a swift movement toward Paris.

The action of the Kaiser was unexpected by France. The move had been expected by way of the Meuse and Vosges. Because Belgium was a nation not at war with Germany, little thought had been given to the possibility of the latter forcing her way through a friendly country.

The forces of the Allies to meet the onrush of the Teutons was about one third in strength to that of the enemy. The wily Joffre dared not risk a straight battle, instead, he conducted what is now admitted as one of the most masterly of retreats. He knew he would have to make a final stand against the Germans but he chose to make that stand on ground chosen by him.

The Germans were wild with enthusiasm. "On to Paris." It appeared as if Paris was to be taken in even less time than in 1870. Victory seemed indeed assured.

Von Kluck, the German general, swept on. Each day found him nearer and nearer to his goal. So

swift was his advance that he found himself ahead of the other German divisions.

He had already crossed the Marne. But Joffre was now ready. He had his armies so arranged that the surprised Von Kluck instead of attempting to attack or besiege Paris, was compelled to make a sharp turn to the south east—away from Paris.

General Gallieni, commander of the army of Paris and its fortifications, now learned from his observers of Von Kluck's move. Realizing that he could throw large supports to Joffre, whose army was still considerably weaker than Von Kluck's which could also count on the support of the Saxons and the other divisions, he commandeered every taxicab and automobile not already requisitioned. In these vehicles, the army of Paris made its way to the front. The gay soldiers seemed to realize the unusualness of it all, it seemed anything but an advance to a raging battlefield.

The line of taxicabs and other motors seemed endless. The men not only occupied the inside but the tops, the running-boards and fenders all of which were crowded with French troops.

It was in this swift, unusual way that Joffre was given aid. And when Von Kluck baffled and defeated in his attempt to capture Paris made his now famous retreat, Paris was saved. The Germans had failed after what seemed certain success.

"K. of K."

"THE war will not last more than three months," said the hopeful ones. Their first prediction had been that there would be no war, that there could be no war.

There were many who, less hopeful, thought that the war would last far into 1915.

Kitchener, the silent, the able, set his plans for a war that would last no less than three years. Men laughed at him, their arguments held all the true logic, yet the man who was Secretary of State for War planned as he thought. Well it was for the allies that he did.

This is the story of Kitchener, "K of K"—Kitchener of Khartoum. His has been a life that spelled devotion to duty.

In his youth he had fought with the French against the Germans in the war of 1870. Later he had helped in the work of outlining, charting and exploring the Palestine. Then his work had been in Egypt. How he conquered the Soudan, subduing the fighting dervishes and the successors to the Mahdi, his capture of Khartoum and Omdurman, the avenging of Gordon who was killed at

Khartoum, is a story of endless efforts, iron will, the successful accomplishment of a belief that the Egyptians and the black man would fight bravely if properly officered.

Kitchener's efforts in the Soudan, his wonderful success made his the name with which to conjure in England.

There came the call to South Africa where England was at war with the Boers.

"Would he accept the post of Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts?" If there was one man in England's army whom K of K honored and wished to serve under, it was the man who now became his chief. His response was quick, his action equally so.

His record in the South African campaign is well known. With the coming of these two men, Lord Roberts and General Kitchener, England's success was assured. Where things had gone badly before, the foresight, the guidance and the command of these two men brought about quick success. The Boer War proved the need of such military genius.

Kitchener, with the war ended went to India. Here his work was with an eye to the future. The organizing spirit of the man came to the fore. He hated tradition, he could not bear dry rot and it was well for England that his work had been there.

For you may remember that Germany counted on a revolution in India. There was none.

The war with Germany came. Kitchener was on his way to Egypt, when the telegram reached him calling him back to London.

In ten days one hundred and sixty thousand men were on French soil with the necessary supplies. Not until all of them had been landed were the newspapers permitted to make mention of it. It was a wonderful piece of efficiency.

You have heard of Kitchener's army, of how heroically it fought those trying days of the last of 1914. Kitchener set himself to the work of making the men of England into soldiers. Millions and more millions, men from civil life, men who had no conception of military duty, were quickly turned into fighting men, men who upheld the best traditions of England. The spirit of the great Kitchener was in them.

Not until almost a year later, in January 1915, did he have opportunity to see the great army which he had assembled. His reception by the army was wonderful. How he must have wished that he could lead these men in person, to be himself on the battle front!

On the sixth of June, H. M. S. Hampshire set off to sea. On board was Field Marshal Kitchener with his staff. A little more than an hour later the ship was on fire.

There can be no question that the man could have made his escape. But we can almost see him go down unmoved, calm and collected.

"K of K" died on sea and as someone has said, it was the death for England's greatest man.

Throughout the war, it was often whispered, it grew into a tradition, that the spirit of Kitchener stayed on with England's army. Where duty was to be done, where iron will was needed, he was always there urging on to the effort. There are still others who speak of him as not dead, that he will return.

One thing is certain the spirit of the man will always be present. For his spirit is the rock on which England builds.

Princess Pats

WHEN England joined hands with France to battle the Hun she found no need to call to Canada.

England's fight was Canada's fight. Loyally, that country sent forth its best men to help oppose the oncoming German hordes. How Canada paid in men lost, maimed and dead, is part of the record of accomplishment.

A glorious page of history is the story of the Princess Pats. Dogged determination, superb heroism, they helped hold the line which withstood the triumphant overlord.

For four days during the fearful fighting of the second Ypres, the Princess Pats held their part of the front. Originally they had numbered twelve hundred. They were ravaged by the deadly fumes of gas which the Germans had just begun to use and curtains of terrific artillery fire, yet they repelled the countless attacks of the massed enemy.

Death stalked among them so that they grew familiar with his presence. They jested with him, poked fun at him. It was here that the Canadians saw and felt the horrible brutality of the enemy.

They learned their lesson well, thereafter the foe grew fearful with good cause of the Canadian presence in the ranks of opposing forces.

I do not think there is any record equal to that of the Princess Pats. I do not think there is a finer exhibition of splendid courage. Yet, too, I do not think that anything that happened in the Great War was so pitiful.

To die fighting the enemy is the death of a soldier. But who can count the deaths that need not have been, the merciless slaughter of men by the Germans, men they had made prisoners and whose bravery should have commanded the respect of honorable foes.

The Princess Pats, beloved by all Canada, sent forth her own regiment in a full blaze of high set hope. They carried her colors and all Canada was as certain as was she that those colors would never be lowered.

So they landed in France among the first men to report from the British Empire. England needed men badly then and the Canadians were soon in the midst of the heavy fighting. When it is remembered that that first army was an army of enlisted men, men filled with a tremendous desire to serve their country, it makes the record of the Princess Pats the more wonderful.

The casualties among them was always heavy. On the fourth of May the regiment was assigned

to defend a certain area. It succeeded in holding the enemy. After two days in the trenches the men were given a rest, returning there on the seventh.

On that day and the next the Germans swept this area unceasingly with their fire. The poisoned gas was sure death. The Princess Pats lost two commanding officers, of the number that had entered the trenches but a little more than one hundred and fifty marched out when a battalion of the King's Rifle Corps relieved them.

They were not beaten even then. One man, Niven, recited the services of the dead before relief came. It was a service given by men who had been playfellows of Death.

A story such as the record of this regiment is not built on the individual heroism of its men, for they were all heroes. The Princess Patricias was composed of men who were individuals—truly it was a corps d' elite. Over nine hundred of the men wore medals of bravery received in the Boer War.

Men did wonderful things in the ceaseless fighting of the early days of nineteen hundred and fifteen and after, too. But I somehow think that Canada and the whole British Empire, in its pride of these men likes to think of them as the Princess Pats—of the bravest of the brave. Not of any one of its men but of the entire group.

The Battalion of Death

RUSSIA had overthrown Czar Nicholas, in what seemed for the moment a bloodless revolution. Out of the disturbance and confusion, Kerensky had emerged, seemingly the one strong man needed to direct the newborn Russia.

The German was at the gate, his armies powerful and ready to take full advantage of the unsettled conditions. The Allies watched anxiously, not knowing whether the new government would be able to hold the masses of Russia to the cause.

How hard Kerensky tried to keep Russia fighting, the world knows. But he could not overcome the growing strength of the extreme radicals, the men who were soon to drive him from his short-lived leadership.

At such a time, when pride and loyalty to country was at low ebb, a woman came to Kerensky. Her name was Maria Botchkareva. She had fought with the men through a number of battles, had proved her courage and endurance.

"I seek permission to organize a battalion of Russian women. We, too, should have the right to fight for our beloved country."

The War Minister agreed reluctantly. Perhaps, he thought, this woman Botchkareva could gather

enough women together to form this battalion. If she could, if they would follow her lead, their example might stir the soldiers at the front to fight, to cease fraternizing with the enemy.

Two thousand women enthusiastically answered her call for volunteers. The commander insisted on one thing, that hers was to be the one voice of authority. She had given her pledge that the women of the battalion were to ask no better treatment than the men received, that their endurance and stamina would not waver. But under no circumstances must her rule be divided with committees, an arrangement established throughout the army, an outcome of the general freedom.

"There must be only one voice, one command." Each volunteer first pledged herself to loyalty, to that one command. Each volunteer, no doubt with many a heart pang, had her head shaved, for she was a woman no longer but a soldier.

Many were rejected in those first days. Many refused to continue when the propaganda of the Bolsheviks took root.

"After all, why should we fight?" the dissatisfied began to whisper. "The Germans are our brothers. We who have to fight are the poor and the downtrodden; we have but one enemy, those who have trodden us down these many years." Emboldened, they voiced these doubts aloud.

"All right," said one bolder than the rest, "let us elect a committee which we shall obey. Committees govern all the other regiments."

No commands, no urgings, no pleas would move them. Botchkareva ordered them from the camp. They went. Of the first number who had answered her call less than three hundred remained.

It was a wonderful company of three hundred. There were women serving in it as common soldiers who had held high place both in position and education; there also were women of that three hundred who were merely peasants. Every one who remained and who pledged again her loyalty to Russia and their commander held higher than life, the love of country.

The disaffected sent a committee to the Commander-in-Chief and to the War Minister demanding that Botchkareva be commanded to allow a committee in the battalion, like that in other regiments. Kerensky, in that vain attempt to hold the conservative and the radical in line, so ordered her.

But Botchkareva held firm. The War minister stormed; he begged her to give in. But the woman, with her far-seeing eye would not budge. She saw the impossibility of continuing warfare with such a method. She told Kerensky so, driving him into a fearful rage.

She had her way, however. Then came the day at last when the battalion was ordered to the first line trenches. Word had gone forth that an attack was to be made at dawn the next morning. They were to go first; it was hoped that the men, en-

heartened by their example, would follow.

"Why attack?" the committees asked. "Perhaps it will not be necessary to attack? Perhaps we can send a committee to the Germans and ask them to refuse to fight?"

So they debated. The morning came, the hour of attack passed. Shame filled the heart of the brave leader of the dauntless battalion. She was disgusted at the cowardice of the men.

She was not alone in her disgust. Officers who had submitted to the voice of the committees with the hope that affairs would right themselves, now came to her, begged permission to join her battalion and to fight in the ranks in the attack which she had finally determined to make at all costs. She still hoped that the men would follow when they saw the women going over the top.

The re-enforcement of the officers now serving in the ranks brought the number up to one thousand. They were all eager and ready. She gave a sharp, quick command. Over the top they poured. A raking, terrible fire from the enemy's machine guns met them. But the dauntless group went forward undismayed.

But it was not until the attackers were almost in the trenches of the enemy, it was not until their ranks had been terribly depleted that the most wonderful sound in the world came to her, the cheering of the Russians as they, too, poured over the top and rushed to her aid.

Before that attack, the Germans could not

stand. The first lines were gained, now the second.

But with the victory almost hers, she found a new problem; she found that those on whose aid she had risked all, had failed her again. The wily Germans had left behind them another enemy which the Russians could not resist. The men who had come to her aid were soon beastly drunk.

The plight of the battalion and the officers who were fighting with it was now desperate. The raking fire of the Germans never ceased, the dead were everywhere.

Botchkareva sent word back that she needed help to hold the line. Promise of immediate relief was given. But none came.

Undismayed, the battalion, now less than one half in number continued to hold off the Germans. The commander proved a tower of strength by her calm authority and assurance.

The women fought like tigers. Never again would anyone question the fighting abilities of women in war. But fight as they would the Germans closed in on them.

Until the last moment, the hopeful Botchkareva looked toward the East in hope that help would come. Finally, she gave word to retreat. Few of the Battalion of Death returned.

The Lost Battalion

THE story of the Lost Battalion in the World War will become an American epic. For it tells of Americans meeting the great ordeal and coming through it, unafraid and with duty done.

Charles W. Whittlesey, leading somewhere near five hundred men, gathered together from seven different companies, was fighting his way with them through the Argonne forests in those terrific days of September, 1918, when the Americans were accomplishing the impossible in clearing the dense forests of the enemy. Orders were to take a certain spot before dawn.

It was Friday night, September 27, 1918. The men under Whittlesey were forced to advance in single formation for the woods were so dense, it was impossible to make head way otherwise.

Dawn came. Whittlesey and his men suddenly realized that they had advanced too far, for the rest of the army was left behind. They realized almost as soon, that the enemy had cut off their rear, had surrounded them with machine guns and had occupied the trenches surrounding them.

The Germans were eager to capture this lone battalion. It would be a feather in their cap if they could show so many American prisoners.

They closed in on them, their sharpshooters were everywhere, the machine guns never ceased.

Desperately, Major Whittlesey and his men tried to cut their way out but could not do so. Finally, an officer and two men were commissioned to attempt their way back to the American camp and procure help.

All day the besieged men fought off the Germans. Food ran low. Ammunition, too, was growing scarce. The men grew exhausted.

Sunday came. Word had reached the American camp of their plight and attempts at rescue were made. But the Germans proved too strong.

Airplanes flew overhead and tried to drop tons of food to the besieged men but were not successful. Again both the French and the Americans attacked but did not succeed in rescuing them.

Their plight was desperate. Food was now gone. The men's faces were hollow and gaunt. But their spirits were unshaken.

There came an American into their camp. He was a prisoner of war. Against his will, and so the Germans testified, he was forced to take a message to the commander of the besieged men.

"Americans," so the message read, "you are surrounded on all sides. Surrender in the name of humanity. You will be well treated."

The German commander had also sent word, not doubting that the Americans would comply with his terms, that a white flag should be raised as a sign of their surrender.

Never had men better reason for complying. Their plight seemed hopeless. The two attempts at rescue had failed. They were weary from their days of vigil, the men were eating the oak leaves to appease their hunger. But the spirit of the men and of their commander was indomitable.

It was shown by Major Whittlesey's action. A flag, partly white, had been raised with the hope that the airmen circling about would see it and so be able to throw them food with more success. But fearing that the enemy might see it and suppose it to be the flag of surrender he tore it down.

Major Whittlesey's verbal answer was not couched in gentle or elegant language. But it told the Germans what he and his men meant.

And so as we close this simple annal of what these men did under an ordeal that tried men's souls, we must record these further facts. But 394 men returned when they were rescued. Of these one hundred and fifty-six were wounded.

They stood the test when their time came. Of that great army of civilians, these men were fair examples. Major Whittlesey, soon after promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy and the first Congressional Medal of the war, was practising law in New York City when war came. The men under him had come from all walks of civilian life. Not one of these men but would disdain the term hero, yet in such actions, carried out without bravado and as but duty that must need be done—is the highest test of true heroism.

The Death of Quentin Roosevelt

IF ever America proved its democracy it did so in the death of Quentin Roosevelt, youngest son of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Great War found the five sons of America's great American enlisted and on the fighting front. Colonel Roosevelt himself was greatly disappointed in not being accepted for service.

Quentin Roosevelt, a lieutenant in America's air forces, with three other pilots, was eight miles inside the German lines at a height of 5,000 yards when he became separated from his companions. Seeing three airplanes, he started for them, thinking that they were his companions. When it was too late he discovered that they were enemy planes. He opened fire. One of the Germans went into a spinning nose dive and fell.

It is worth while to quote the German official report of the affair:

"On Sunday, July 14, an American squadron of twelve battle-planes was trying to break through the German defense over the Marne. In the violent combat which ensued with seven German machines, one American avaitor stubbornly made repeated attacks. This culminated in a duel between him and a German non-commissioned offi-

cer, who, after a short fight, succeeded in getting good aim at his brave but inexperienced opponent, whose machine fell after a few shots near the village of Chambry, ten kilometers north of the Marne.

His pocket-case showed him to be Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, of the aviation section of the United States Army. The personal belongings of the fallen airman are being carefully kept with a view to sending them later to his relatives. The earthly remains of the brave young airman were buried with military honors by German airmen near Chambry, at the spot where he fell."

Theodore Roosevelt received the news of his son's death in his manly characteristic way.

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the Front and had a chance to render some service to his country, and to show the stuff there was in him before his fate befell him."

Quentin Roosevelt was born in Washington, November 19, 1897, and was not twenty-one at the time of his death. Brave, impetuous, he was also frank and democratic and was beloved by those who knew him. He had been rejected at first because of deficient eyesight. He immediately applied to the Canadian Flying Corps but the War Department announced his acceptance a few days later.

He was eager to get to the front, to get into action. He met death unafraid, smiling. His life, his service and his death were typically American.